

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN

VOLUME XXIX NO. 63 SEYMOUR, INDIANA, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1910. PRICE TWO CENTS

GARBAGE CONTRACT

Awarded At Special Council Meeting to Samuel Nicholson.

The city council met in special session Monday evening with all the members present except Hodapp. Mayor Allen Swope was absent, and upon motion of Councilman Davison, Sherman Day was selected as presiding officer.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Davison as chairman of the board of public works made an informal report in regard to the improvement of Jeffersonville Avenue south of Tipton street. He stated that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, who had agreed to pay their portion of the cost of such improvement, did not believe that the street should be paved with brick, but had made no suggestion as to how the proposed improvement should be made. By consent of the council the chairman was given further time to investigate the matter.

The city clerk reported that the check for \$20 which had been sent to Wood and Jones in payment of a claim of \$100 for legal services, had been returned and was not accepted by that firm. Mr. Davison believed that whenever a dispute arose over a claim, the clerk should be instructed to offer only legal tender in settlement of such disputed claim, as only currency is recognized in law. Upon his motion the check which was returned will be placed in the bank to the credit of the city, and twenty dollars in currency will be offered to the firm of Wood and Jones.

Bids for the disposal of garbage were opened, the bids being as follows: Samuel Nicholson.....\$720 00 George F. Hercamp..... 817 00 Gilbert Chastine..... 856 00 Samuel Emmons..... 857 00 Henry Frazee..... 890 00 Cryus L. Wilson..... 935 00

Davison moved that the contract be awarded to Samuel Nicholson, the lowest bidder. As the character of the bond was not designated the successful bidder can give either a personal or security company bond. The contract is to be in effect March 1.

Mills moved that the unaccepted bids with the certified check or cash deposit which were required, be returned to the owners. Carried.

Upon motion of Mills, as chairman of the board of public safety, George Murray was elected as temporary night policeman to serve in the place of P. J. Welsh, who was granted a leave of absence for two weeks.

The revolver which was purchased for the city marshal was presented to J. T. Able.

More people are taking Foley's Kidney Remedy every year. It is considered the most effective remedy for all kidney and bladder troubles that medical science can devise. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects irregularities, builds up the system and restores lost vitality. Sold by all druggists.

Mrs. John Eastwood, who is suffering with a severe attack of pneumonia, is improving slowly. She was brought to the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. P. Carter, several days ago.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Leave order for your Easter suit at Sciarra, the tailor's, 14 E. Second St. f5d eod-tf

Bert Mercer went to Brownstown this morning.

Assessors Meet.

J. L. Peetz, state statistician, was in the city this morning on his way to Brownstown to meet the township assessors. Mr. Peetz is meeting with the assessors of the various counties and has already had conferences with the assessors of over sixty counties. At the meeting with the assessors of this county he will explain their duties in regard to collecting certain statistics which, the law provides, they shall collect while performing their duties as township assessors, and which are used by the Bureau of Statistics in making the annual reports. Mr. Peetz returned to Seymour this afternoon and went to Scottsburg where he met the assessors of Scott county.

W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a Frances E. Willard memorial meeting at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Chas. A. Naylor on 221 North Poplar street. A full attendance is desired. Visitors are cordially invited. The program is as follows: Devotions.....Mrs. R. J. Barbour Roll Call.....Phrases of Miss Willard Miss Willard's Writings Miss Lou VanHorn How We May Perpetuate Her Influence Mrs. Jay C. Smith Music.....Miss Mabel Shields Life Sketches: General Neal Dow Mrs. W. H. Everhart Mary H. Hunt

Mrs. F. M. Huckleberry Lillian M. Stephens Mrs. J. M. Shields

Longest Accommodation Run

The runs made by the two accommodation trains, Nos. 7 and 8 on the B. & O. S-W., are the longest of any accommodation runs in the United States. The crews do not change from the time they leave Cincinnati until they reach St. Louis, a distance of 341 miles. There have been several rumors that the run would be shortened, by having the crews lay over at Washington, the middle point between St. Louis and Cincinnati, but as yet nothing has been done. The run is now the hardest trip on the road.

Engineer Taken Sick.

The Southern Indiana passenger train due here at 9:50 p. m., was about two hours late Monday evening, the delay being caused by the sudden illness of Engineer Garrity, who was taken sick on the engine near Williams. He was unable to remain in charge of the engine and it was necessary to hold the train until an engineer could be brought from Bedford.

Wreck on S. I.

A local freight train was wrecked near Coxton four miles north of Bedford Monday evening. The wreck was caused by a broken flange on a car. The passengers were transferred and arrived in Seymour a short time after the train was due. No one was injured in the wreck.

Car Derailed.

The switching crew got a freight car off the track here in the Pennsylvania yards this morning and the wrecking crew was called down from Columbus to clear the track.

Attention Woodmen.

Degree work at the regular meeting Wednesday night. Team members should be present.

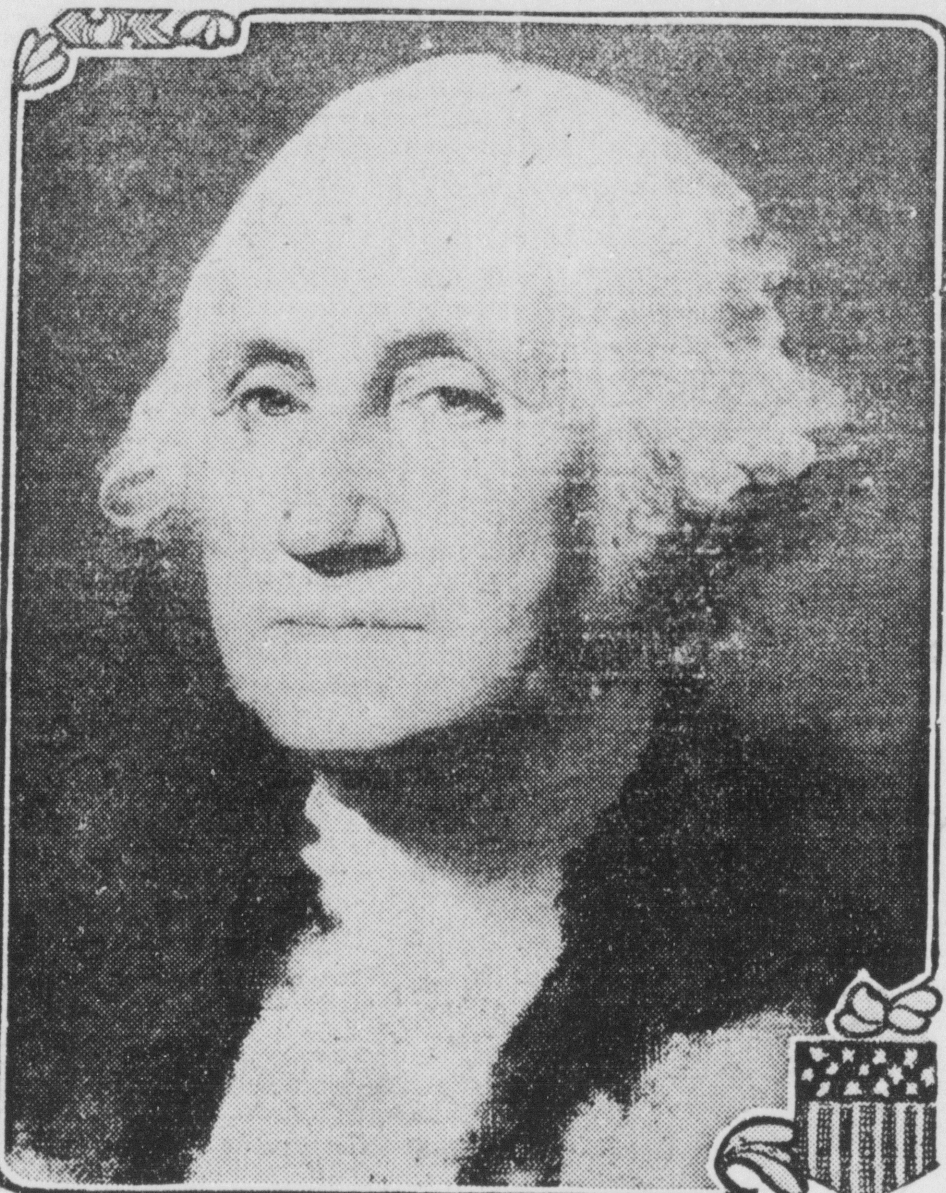
P. A. NICHTER, C. f23d GEORGE F. MEYER, Clerk.

The B. & O. S-W. had an engine off the track early this morning and the wrecking crew was called out from Seymour.

George Washington

Born Feb. 22, 1732

Died Dec. 14, 1799



No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. Washington was grave and courteous in address. His manners were simple and unpretending; his silence and the serene calmness of his temper spoke of a perfect self mastery. But there was little in his outer bearing to reveal the grandeur of soul which lifts his figure with all the simple majesty of an ancient statue out of the smaller passions, the meaner impulses, of the world around him.

—John Richard Green, English Historian.

Excellent Business.

L. M. Frazer, of the Frazer Stove Company, was here from Indianapolis this afternoon. Mr. Frazer went to Indianapolis about six years ago to engage in business for himself. A year later he took in two partners. They have done a good business from the first and last week had one of the finest exhibits of stoves that was made at the meeting of the Indiana Hardware Retail Dealers' Association at Tomlinson Hall. Mr. Frazer booked \$10,000 worth of business during the four days that the association was in session.

Itch Relieved at Once.

That terrible itch disappears with the FIRST DROPS of a simple compound of oil of wintergreen, thymol and glycerine mixed in D. D. D. Prescription. This soothing, healing lotion used externally kills the eczema germ instantly.

Heretofore the D. D. D. remedy has been sold only in \$1.00 bottles; but as a special offer, any sufferer in this town who has never tried D. D. D. can now try this remedy in a special bottle at 25c. It cures the itch instantly. We KNOW this. Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Electric Lights Out.

The electric lights were out for several hours Monday night because of a break in the machinery at the plant. The performance at the Majestic and the shows at the electric theatres were delayed until the break was repaired. The lights were out a short time before the special session of the council convened, and it was necessary to light the gas burners.

Masons Take Notice.

Special meeting Tuesday night for work in third degree. f22d A. P. CARTER, Secy.

Piano Tuning.

Four years factory experience. First class work. Call 'Phone 671 or address ESTEL HANCOCK, Seymour.

DREAMLAND TONIGHT

"The Adventuress" and "How Hubby Made Good" Illustrated Song "Oh, Where is My Wife Tonight" By Miss Lois Reynolds.

Chicken Farm.

Jack Heagle, the poultry fancier, has made arrangements to engage in the poultry business on a large scale. He raises White Leghorns, White Wyandottes, Single Comb White Leghorns and Columbian Wyandottes and expects to exhibit some prize birds in the near future. He has received a number of orders for settings from poultry fanciers from a distance, besides many in this county. Mr. Heagle is making a special price to local buyers, as there is no additional cost incurred in preparing the eggs for shipping.

Farewell Party.

Mr. and George Keller gave a farewell party at their home about two miles east of the city Saturday evening in honor of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keller, who are going to move away soon. About twenty friends were present. Some excellent music was furnished. Refreshments were served about 11:30 o'clock. The guests then departed, having enjoyed a good time.

Henry Beyer, of Rockford, who has been in poor health since falling into a cellar here a few weeks ago, continues to improve.

Several members of the family of John Hair on west Oak street, are suffering with lagrippe.

The snow which fell here last week is probably the deepest snow that has fallen here since 1895.

IF YOU WANT

To Sell Your Farm or City Property List It With

FRED EVERBACK AGENCY COMPANY

\$1,800 buys a beautiful 5 room cottage in Second ward. \$1,500 buys a snug 5 room cottage in Second ward. \$475 buys a fine building lot in Second ward with gas, water and sewage connections.

Office over Milhous Drug Store

MARRIED.

JONES-UTTERBACK.

Oliver Jones, a brakeman on the B. & O. S-W., and Miss Anna M. Utterback were married Monday evening at 6:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Utterback, on S. Poplar street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Harley Jackson in the presence of a few of the immediate relatives and intimate friends. Mr. Jones is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Jones, of Walesboro, and has been a brakeman on the road here for about four years. Mrs. Jones moved here with her parents about four years ago from Freetown. They will go to Walesboro this evening to visit his relatives and will return here later for future residence. They expect to go to housekeeping some time later in the spring.

FLEETWOOD-FLEETWOOD.

James S. Fleetwood and Miss Ices Fleetwood were married at the county clerk's office in the court house this morning. Rev. J. B. Cross performed the ceremony.

Addressed High School.

Lawrence McTurnan, former assistant superintendent of public instruction, made an address to the high school this forenoon. His theme had to do with the development of character through education. He contended for the education and training of the head, heart and hand. That is he argues for a well rounded education that develops and trains the individual for service. He was heard with much interest and what he said should be an inspiration to the high school boys and girls to make the most possible of their opportunities.

Observe Holiday.

The Pennsylvania line was the only railway to observe Washington's birthday here today as a holiday. There were no local freights running and the employees at the freight office and also the sectionmen were given the day off. Foreman John Disney went to Columbus this morning where he was joined by a number of others and went on to Indianapolis to spend the day. About the passenger station there was about the usual business and everything moved on as usual.

Escaped Injury.

Valford Weithoff came near meeting with a very serious accident a few days ago. He pulled a heavy wardrobe over on him and when he saw it was going to fall he jumped inside and escaped with only a few scratches and bruises. The wardrobe was quite heavy but one edge caught on something and left him just room to crawl out. His quick presence of mind is doubtless all that prevented him from getting seriously hurt.

Death Rate.

Figures compiled by the State Board of Health for January show that a total of 2,883 persons died in Indiana during the month. The death rate for the state was 12.3. The rate for January, 1909, was 11.8. Tonsillitis was the most prevalent disease. Pneumonia killed 400 persons as against 367 in January, 1909. There were 165 deaths by violence. One hundred and sixty-nine cases of smallpox were reported.

Wabash Glee Club.

E. I. Wagner, manager of the Wabash College Glee Club, was here Monday and made arrangements for the appearance of the Club here on Thursday night, April 7th. The Wabash Glee Club is one of the best in the middle west. Will G. Masters, of this city, was a member of the club during the four years he was in Wabash.

"Bar Z. Ranch."

If you want to enjoy a good laugh go to the Majestic theatre tonight and witness the performance of the Guy Stock Company in the western drama "Bar Z. Ranch." This is a good comedy and the only western bill in the company's repertoire. A good audience saw the performance last night.

U R next at Berdon's barber shop.

DOUBLE SHOW AT THE NICKEL TONIGHT

"Message of an Arrow" (Indian Drama) "Blissville the Beautiful" (Comedy) ILLUSTRATED SONG: "Chasing the Eagle" By MISS ANNA E. CARTER

CASE COMPROMISED

I. C. & S. Traction Company Settles Damage Suit For \$1100.

The suit of Alfred M. Cravens, as administrator of the estate of William Cravens, deceased, against the Indianapolis, Columbus and Southern Traction Company, in which the plaintiff demanded damages in the sum of \$3000 for the death of the decedent, was compromised this morning for \$1100, at the B. & O. S-W. depot, while the parties and witnesses were waiting for the accommodation to Brownstown. The case was to be called in the circuit court this morning. A number of witnesses had been subpoenaed to appear in court, and were informed by the attorneys just as the train arrived that they would not be required to attend court in connection with that case.

It is understood that several efforts have been made previous to this time to compromise the case, but no agreement could be reached until this morning.

The suit was based upon the death of William Cravens of Scottsburg, who was fatally injured at the traction station here, on Saturday morning, July 10, 1909. Mr. Cravens was standing at the corner of the building when the S-13 limited car pulled out of the sheds. As there is only a narrow space between the car and the building as the car rounds the curve, Mr. Cravens was caught and thrown to the sidewalk. He was removed to the city hospital where he died within a short time.

The administrator in the suit was represented by Mark Storen of Scottsburg, a son-in-law of the decedent. C. S. Baker, of Columbus, attorney for the traction company, represented the defendant.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Otis Lane, until recently a member of the Seymour police force, has purchased a saloon on Massachusetts avenue in Indianapolis, and took charge of the same on Monday evening, February 21st.

Silver Threads Amongst the Gold.

"Darling, I am growing old, silver threads amongst the gold shine upon my brow today, life is fading fast away." Thus runs one of the old, old songs. There is always a note of sadness and regret attached to the coming of gray hair prematurely, as if the hand of time were ruthlessly checking off the pleasant hours of youth and laughter. Remedy after remedy has been exploited for the restoring of gray hair to its natural color, but the one that has stood the test of years and proved the most pleasant and reliable, is HAY'S HAIR HEALTH. This time-tried preparation succeeds where others fail. It is one of these safe and dependable remedies that is a pleasure to recommend. HAY'S HAIR HEALTH restores gray hair by furnishing to the hair roots, the exact nourishment that gives them new life and vigor. It is not a dye. It works pleasantly and effectively. All reliable druggists sell it for 50c and a dollar. Booklet containing further information on the "Care of the Hair" will be forwarded for 2c by the Philo Hay Specialists Co., 30 Clinton St., Newark, N. J., U. S. A. A. J. Pellens. C. W. Milhous.

We Give You Express Service At Freight Rates To and From LOUISVILLE I. & L. Traction Co.

The Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co. Registered Pharmacists Prescriptions Correctly Compounded Phone Your Wants Old Phone 400 New Phone 633

Special Assortment OF 10 Cent Crockery 14 Different Kinds SEE WINDOW DISPLAY The Fair Store South of Hadley's Grocery

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THE REPUBLICAN

JAY C. SMITH, Editors and Publishers
EDW. A. REMY

SEYMOUR INDIANA

It will take a long session of Congress to perform the work that President Taft has cut out.

The good roads movement seems to have reached the City of Mexico, which is putting down miles of asphalt pavement this year.

The cost of the navy has been reduced by \$10,000,000 for 1911. Even at that it will reach \$126,929,636. But for President Taft's initiative in favor of economy it might have been fifty millions more.

At a time when the Japanese are deserting vegetarianism, and sending government agents to this country to select good grades of sheep for mutton and wool, it is hardly likely that Americans will heed the suggestion to escape high prices for meat by living on vegetables.

The government is convicting oleomargarine swindlers fast enough to convince Congress that butter frauds can be prevented in that way, and that it will be safe to reduce the revenue tax on colored oleomargarine sufficiently to give the consumer who cannot afford to pay present prices for butter a chance to purchase a cheaper lubricant for his daily bread.

The prediction by Superintendent Jones of the Fond du Lac public school system that within five years every high school of any account in Wisconsin will have an agricultural course, is based upon the growing tendency toward farming among young men. There would be profit in agricultural instruction even for those who subsequently "farm" nothing larger than a city lot.

An ice gorge sixty miles long, in the Mississippi river, southward from St. Louis to Chester, Illinois, threatens property immediately up stream with inundation. This would not be a new experience for dwellers on the banks of the great river, but the perils and damage incident to the movement of the ice may have timely interest for those who are advocating effort to control the river for the purposes of commerce.

The Postoffice Department reports that only 39 per cent. of the letters sent from this country to Germany went under the reduced rate which is conceded for mail carried by sea direct. There are many people, it seems, who would rather pay five cents for prompt delivery than two cents for a service subject to the chance of being tardy. This is something to be remembered in considering future policies of the department. The American people want quality first, then cheapness; not cheapness first.

Two carloads of acid and three of oil made a pyre of a train wreck in Oklahoma and incinerated five men who were beating their way across the country by the "hobo" method. The combination of dangerous freight was probably no worse than many others which pass through without encountering disaster, but a deliberate stringing together of cars of acid and oil is risky under any circumstances. A car or two of dynamite thrown in between might make matters still more uncertain.

Joseph Chamberlain, whose cold policy forced the Boer war, out of which his Birmingham friends waxed rich by the sale of army supplies, has informed a Birmingham audience that the home rule promised Ireland by the Liberals would be disastrous to the English nation. His kind of Englishmen may consider it disastrous when they cannot plunder and oppress. Gladstone, whom Chamberlain deserted, was an Englishman of a different type. There are growing to be more Englishmen of the Gladstone type every year.

The assertion at the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association meeting in New York that the growth of vegetarianism threatens a shortage of hides seems intended to prepare the public for a rise in the price of shoes. The same authority has previously informed the public that free hides would mean cheaper shoes. That vegetarianism in the United States has progressed far enough to make hides scarce, or ever will do so, is inconceivable. The people are still buying meat at as high prices as ever. There would be lower prices for meat if there were a marked falling off in the demand.

Chairman Alexander of the House committee on rivers and harbors has announced that the construction of another lock at Sault Ste. Marie has been planned, and that an appropriation for a preliminary survey has been included in this year's river and harbor bill. The plan is to build the largest lock in the world, so that future lake commerce may be amply provided for. The locks at Sault Ste. Marie are now the wonder of the shipping world, and the fact that improvements have become necessary attests the tremendous growth of the iron shipping business.

Congressman Moore's bill calling for an investigation by the Department of Agriculture of the effects of prolonged cold storage on food products of all kinds will arouse popular interest, as much of the meat and fish now marketed is held in cold storage for protracted periods. The inquiry might with profit embrace the methods of business as well as the effect of a low temperature on the various foods so held. There is suspicion during times of high prices for poultry and eggs in particular that speculators are using the cold storage houses for the purpose of effecting corners in these products.

It transpires that the boatswain of the revenue cutter Bear, who has succeeded in bringing up baby seals "on the bottle," does the trick by cutting the cord under the seal's tongue, so that it can take nourishment from dishes, like young dogs or cats. The fact that this can be done

has aroused great interest at Washington, where fears have been felt lest pelagic sealing would exterminate the herds on the seal islands of Behring sea. The main loss has been through the death of pups whose mothers have been captured by the pelagic sealers. If the pups thus orphaned can be kept alive by surgery and careful feeding, the seals can be saved.

The plan proposed at the Grand Rapids convention of the Wisconsin Cranberry Growers' Association, for the digging of a canal from the Wisconsin river, between twelve and fourteen miles distant from the marshes, in order to secure water enough to safeguard the berries against frosts, suggests irrigation on a pretentious scale in a state in which no such undertakings have been deemed necessary. But large returns could doubtless be achieved on irrigation ventures in Wisconsin for crops other than cranberries, as regular watering of the soil conduces to vigorous plant growth. Perhaps the cranberry scheme might be linked with other irrigation enterprise that would utilize the water along the way.

Two members of the Wall street stock brokerage firm which handled the orders that caused the remarkable flurry in Rock Island stock on the Monday after Christmas have been suspended from the stock exchange by the governing committee, one for thirty and the other for sixty days. Not a severe punishment it is true, though considerably more so than that which was decreed against a member of the Chicago Board of Trade convicted of "wash sales" of provisions for the P. D. Armour Company. In both cases the stigma of the punishment is worse than its sting. That there is any recognition of what the culprits have done as an offense points to a time in the future when manipulating transactions will not be countenanced at all.

New York steamship agents are said to be making bookings thus early for over-sea travel during the coming summer, and the promising start has developed opinion that the high figures of 1907, when 109,712 first cabin passengers were taken out of New York during the season, will be surpassed. There are to be several attractions in foreign lands during the present year, and these probably explain the early bookings. The Passion Play is to be performed at Omer Ammergau; an International Exhibition is to be held at Brussels; an American Exposition is to be open in Berlin, and there is to be a musical festival at Bayreuth. It is well for these undertakings that the United States is experiencing great industrial and commercial prosperity, as touring Americans with money to spend are essential to European entertainment enterprises.

Eastern apple-raisers are receiving lessons of experience which may change for the better the appearance of the average orchard in the older portions of the country, and cause farmers generally to give more attention to apple-raising. It is stated that Washington, Oregon and Colorado apples are selling in Eastern markets at from 75 cents to \$1 a dozen, while choice Eastern-grown apples bring only 25 cents a dozen. The reason for this difference is the finer appearance of the Western apples, which were the recipients of care during their period of development, while the Eastern apples were experiencing their usual period of neglect. The Western grower sprays his fruit, and nurses both trees and fruit through the vicissitudes of the growing season, while the old-time apple-raiser in the East "trusts to luck" for his apples while he is giving other farm duties his sole attention. Naturally the Western apple is a winner in appearance as a result of the treatment it receives, and for this reason commands the fancy prices which growers now receive. The growers in the older apple sections can reduce the margin of difference in price and achieve better profits by adopting the methods employed by the growers of the West. Success through this would cause them to give more attention to apple-raising and then consumers would get a benefit in better fruit at lower prices than they have been paying for poor apples during a number of years past.

Marvellous Cycling.

Once again the conversation had veered round to thrilling adventures. "That reminds me of an experience I had some time ago," remarked a member. "I was riding a brakeless bicycle down a steep hill when all of a sudden the chain snapped and I careened down the rest of the hill quicker than greased lightning."

"The road down the hill took a turn at direct right angles, and in the corner of the angle stood a cottage. I was wondering what the verdict would be at the inquest when I saw a man rest a plank of wood against the eaves of the cottage."

"I went straight for the plank, over the roof, and down the other side. Luckily, the cottager's wife and daughters were shaking carpets, and, alighting on an outstretched carpet, I was gently lowered to the ground."

"A dead, dull silence descended on the company, which was broken by the hissing of a soda water siphon.—Tid-Bits.

Young Gourmands.

Rev. H. J. Inglis, at a newsboys' Christmas dinner in Denver, amused his young audience with some striking instances of over-feeding.

"At a Christmas dinner," he said, "I once pressed a third piece of pie on a lad, who thought a moment, then nodded and said:

"I guess I can manage it if I stand up."

"Another lad at this same dinner ate so much that he couldn't walk. When it was decided that he would have to be carried out, he issued the warning:

"All right, carry me, but don't bend me."

"I asked a third lad, as the fruit and nuts came on, if he had made a good dinner."

"No, sir," he answered, pressing his hand to his stomach; "it don't hurt me yet."—Washington Star.

Between Friends.

Miss Homeleigh—Perhaps you won't believe it, but a strange man tried to kiss me once.

Miss Cutting—Really? Well, he'd have been a strange man if he'd tried to kiss you twice.—Illustrated Bits.

JANUARY REMINISCENCE.

The rose that seems the sweetest is the rose that bloomed so fair
Away back in the summer when the days were free from care;
You remember the sun, and see the ripples dancing in the sun,
And try to count the stars that came to view when day is done;
The crowd's hoarse salutation echoes faintly in your ear,
And you think about a morrow balmy, radiant and clear.
When perfumed breezes o'er the trembling waves will lightly blow—
You'd like to go a-fishing—but you've got to shovel snow.

Oh, disappointment that might well dispel the sun,
When cruel fate dispels the bliss that gentle fancies paint;
The wind that now roars fiercely brought carresses for all men,
And clouds held only storm enough for rainbows now and then.
You start up from your reverie, a rod and line to seek,
And grasp the implement of toil that leaves your shoulders weak.
So grim reality dispels the dream's ecstatic glow.
You'd like to go a-fishing—but you've got to shovel snow.

—Washington Star.

WHEN THE GENERAL WAS AFRAID.

Laughter and protests were heard from their retired excellencies, who were sitting round a table in Wiesbaden. But the white-headed little general, who had been speaking, remained grave and said: "Yes * * * it is true; in 1870 I was afraid * * *

"Of whom?"
"To this day I know not! * * *

And seeing their interested faces he added:

"If you like I will tell you about it. It was in the winter, and near Orleans. The exact name of the little place in which we dragoons were quartered has escaped my memory. Bavarians had been in the village before us. In the night skirmishes which had preceded the taking of the village, a troop of Franc-tireurs who were cut off from the main army had been established there. Our men desired to avoid unnecessary bloodshed through a direct attack, so they fired the back of the building, and finally the Franc-tireurs withdrew. Ultimately all became quiet, only the flames still crackled—and the greater part of the little castle was burnt down on that cold winter's night."

Only the front of the mansion remained standing. The place awakened gloomy memories. Blood was everywhere—tufts of hair on the walls, doors forced open in hand-to-hand fights. It had all come to pass as they themselves had chosen—they had resisted us by force of arms—therefore * * * but, at any rate, the desolate house with broken window panes was standing empty when we arrived.

In the stillness of the night—so many people asserted—mysterious sounds had been heard * * * numerous voices, hushed laughter, steps, banging of doors, will-o'-the-wisp lights in the windows. And just this mystery excited a young lieutenant of the Bavarian Light cavalry. He declared that for once he would spend a night in the haunted house; and toward evening he moved over there with a mattress and a revolver. But the others had not yet gone to bed when—at about 10 o'clock—he reappeared in their midst and quietly sat down among them. Why he had not remained over there could not be discovered. He submitted calmly to being chaffed, but kept a scrupulous secrecy, and ultimately rode away with his regiment.

And we, their successors, were already full of the legends about the castle. The troops were telling the most foolish stories, and this annoyed our adjutant. He wished to prove that they were false. On the third morning after our arrival, he said to us quite coolly:

"Well, boys * * * I passed the whole of last night over there!" A couple of witnesses testified to it. Everyone asked:

"Well—and * * *?"

"I slept and dreamt of my mother. * * * Nothing else at all. * * *

He laughed and was in good spirits, although he looked rather pale. Toward evening he rode to the brigade quarters—three villages, off—to receive orders. He has never again been seen.

Some time afterward we were sitting together one evening in thoughtful mood and talking about our missing comrade, and how, just the night before his death, he had been in that house of which the dark window frames were distinctly yawning across the snow in the moonlight. Now it so happened that I had taken a good deal of wine that evening, for I had not been well during the last few days. But now the wine inclined me to be as venturesome as I usually was when a young lieutenant of 26, and I called out:

"I shall establish my headquarters over there for tonight."

"You will not go there." So spake one of my best friends beside me; and I replied:

"What will you bet?"

"My white Arab. She is anyway too light for my weight! Early tomorrow she will be yours!"

"Done!"
So at about 10 o'clock I strolled across the crunching snow to the silent house, my servant with me. He carried the bedding, which he laid down by the fireplace in the great hall. He had already lit a fire, and, pushing forward a few more logs of wood for replenishing it, he faced about at my "All right—now be off!" and was scarcely outside the door than I heard him running as fast as he could. And then all was still and I was alone.

I gradually fell asleep—at least, it was a restless half-sleep, in which reality was ever taking part—now with a few strokes from the tower of the little church, now with a few voices of dragoons in the street; then the watchguard sounded the hour, and in between came confused dreams about home; perhaps peace would soon be declared—and now it was all so silent—so deadly silent. * * *

And cold, too. I was shivering under the thick woolen covering which I had put over me, and I drowsily looked at the fireplace near me. I raised myself upon my elbow and with the other hand pushed a few logs on to the fire. Then I lay down again. I was now quite awake, and looked about the room so brightly lit up by the moon. And with amazement I observed that someone was standing by the window—a young officer.

It was quite simple; while I had been asleep a comrade had come to see how I was getting on, and above all if I really

were in the house. Naturally—for no one likes losing a bet, and such a mare in addition!

So I said quite pleasantly and in a low tone from under the covering:
"Well—which of you is it?" and in the silence exactly like an echo resounded from the empty walls of the great hall, "which of you is it?"—but no answer came. I repeated the question louder a second time and angrily and impatiently a third time * * * but the only sound I heard was my own voice * * * strange in the still night. The form at the window took no notice.

And suddenly it became clear to me, that is our adjutant! Then I thought again: if it is the adjutant—well, he is my comrade, my good friend. The adjutant had been a dark man of medium size. The lieutenant here, however, had fair hair. That struck me, for it did not correspond. It must then be another man. But who else would be wearing the uniform of my regiment?

When was it then? Two days ago?—no, three days ago. I had been shaving myself that morning and had cut myself—at the back of my cheek—under the right ear. The military surgeon who happened to be there, put on to it a little pad of wadding. It was still adhering. I could feel it with my hand. But over there at the window he too had it on exactly the same spot. And if that were so, then apparently that strange officer in the moonlight was me—and I must be duplicated in this room. Everything was in accord—height, size—everything about the shadowy phantom over there—and in my foolishness I thought when he turns round to me, then I shall know!

And a morbid curiosity seized me. He must turn round—you must see yourself once again!—and immediately he did it, and I noticed whatever I, at the bedside, was thinking, that one over at the window immediately did. My will acted both here and there * * * through it we were united—and we looked at each other—and now I fully recognized myself * * * and tremblingly thought:

If only that other one does not begin to laugh! And already he was laughing so that I could see his white teeth under the mustache. Thank God—we are ten paces apart! * * * I must not let him come nearer—he must not come any nearer! And in this same moment the one at the window put himself in motion and came with quick long strides toward the mattress on which I lay. I sprang up and rushed like a terrified hare out of the room to the open hall door, and behind me were hasty, buoyant steps and soft clanging of spurs, and I ran faster and ever faster, and lost my footing on the slippery outside steps and fell headlong into the snow.

That cooled me, and gradually my senses returned. I lay there in clear cool air and saw over me the stars—nothing else. Slowly I rose up and strode away through the snow—anything to get away from that house—and I kept nervously turning round to look back. I did not wish to return to my quarters. My comrades would have noticed me and laughed at me. But nearby was the stable where my horses and those of the other lieutenants were kept. There, with a constant cold shiver down my back, although it was warm among the horses, I waited for the dawn.

Dawn was already breaking. From the distance I heard a hollow sound—once, twice * * * then at regular intervals * * * cannon shots * * * Gradually they became louder. There would be a fight today. We were coming to the enemy, and then * * * I was convinced that I should not live through the next day. To die so young—to leave this beautiful world. I heard clanging outside. The trumpeters were riding through the snowy streets sounding the alarm. In the hurry of mounting, no one observed my appearance. Only my friend called out:

"Well—I congratulate you * * * the Arab is yours!" And I waved my hand energetically.

"Keep it! * * * Keep it! * * * and without noticing his air of amazement I trotted to my squadron as cover. On that day we got into the thick of the fire. I was not hit * * * and I asked myself again, when will it finally come? * * *

But toward midday the firing ceased—the skirmish was over. * * *

We had dismounted and I was crouching down by a milestone holding my head in my hands, staring before me, when the surgeon riding by called out to me:

"I say—why do you look like that?" I answered quite mechanically, "I am doomed to die!" * * *

"H'm * * * Since when have you been feeling so ill, Herr Lieutenant?"

"For about a week * * * and last night * * * I broke off. He was not listening—but quickly unfastened my coat. My whole chest was covered with red spots. I had not seen this—and he said:

"Now we know what it is! What do you mean by running about the world with fully developed typhus on you? Why the devil didn't you give notice that you were ill?"

I was silent * * * The doctor called his hospital assistants, who packed me up and carried me off.

It was a severe attack—and it brought me to the very brink of the grave. But, nevertheless—when I look back—I prefer this end to a terror than a terror without an end. * * *—Pilgrim White in Country Life.

Now a Billposter.

Mariette Wolff, the former cook in the Steinheil household, and who was an important witness in the historic trial of her mistress, has entered a new profession. She is now a billposter employed by a big firm of advertisers, and goes around Paris dressed in the company's uniform, sticking up bills on boardings and walls. When she started on her first day's work she became the cynosure of so many pairs of eyes that the police reserves were called out to keep back the crowd.

The Value of a Wife.

Suit for \$25,000 for the alienation of affections has been started by Firman Brun against R. Eckhardt, manager of a Chicago restaurant. Brun charges that while he held a position bringing him in more than \$25 a week his wife secured a position as cashier at the Lexington hotel. While there she became acquainted with Eckhardt and became so infatuated with him that she applied for a divorce and later married Eckhardt.

Polar Dangers.

"Do you ever go shopping with your wife?"
"No; there are too many open leads on those tours."—Detroit Free Press.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

He Knew 'Em.



Dick (a politician)—Then fear not. You'll be elected by a big majority.
Tom—The father and mother are opposed to me, but the girl isn't.

Our Cook Has Gone.

'Tis a bleak and frosty morning.
For our Cook he's come and gone,
And our household is in mourning.
For he left his work undone.
Yep, we thought he was a dandy,
And our pleasure was intense,
And we took him on his say-so—
Never saw his reference.

Oh, he told us he had papers—
From a Royal Family, too—
And we cut up prideful capers
In our once-bright, warm igloo.
For he told us that he knew the
Latest dish in long hair:
But he's been and gone and shook us
In a manner very crude.

Why, he said that astronomic
Recipes were just a cinch,
And he'd find our gastronomic
Observations to an inch.
And we hung his head with flowers,
Jayed at such grand nourishment;
But our place it didn't suit him,
For he's been and gone and vent.

Yes, he's been and gone departed,
And our household is in gloom;
All of us are broken-hearted
As we see his vacant room.
Though we won't say he deceived us,
If he comes again, we think
We will look at him and murmur,
"Go and tell it to the Kink!"
—Arthur Roche in New York American.

A Grave Mistake.

J. W. Holman, the government's official poisoner, has destroyed 750,000 prairie dogs in the last eight months. Mr. Holman, genially discussing that holocaust in Washington, said:
"Work like mine is best done by an expert. The farmer who poisons his own prairie dogs may get into trouble. Chemicals are serious things for the average man to fool with."

Mr. Holman smiled.
"When I think of men fooling with chemicals," he said, "I think involuntarily of Hiram Bozeman of Gandy. It was a wet, cold, nasty December day like this one, and Hiram, coughing and shivering, stood before a druggist's window. In this window, between two enormous jars, one filled with a beautiful, clear blue liquid, the other with a beautiful clear, red one, Hiram's eye rested on a sign that said:

'No More Coughs,
No More Colds—
25c a Bottle.'

"Hiram entered the shop; the druggist said he could guarantee the antitoxin remedy, and the young man bought a bottle.

"Two days later he returned again, through mire and sleet.

"I've drunk that mixture," he gasped, 'and it seems to have plugged up my throat. I can hardly breathe!'"

"The druggist started.
"You drank it?" he cried. "Why, man, it's an India rubber solution to put on the soles of your shoes."—Washington Star.

How He Got Even.

A traveling man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy businessman a bill of goods, and was not successful.

As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouchy was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find this impediment in your speech very inconvenient."
"Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's y-yours?"

"I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant.

"D-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant.

"W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."—Success Magazine.

Made in Paris.

Enraged Listener (to organ grinder)—Two sous for the tune you've just played or your life if you begin another.

Patroness—You never sing "Home, Sweet Home" now.

Musician—No; my doctor said I must have a change of air.

"What do you think, my dear? Such luck! We leave for Paris in an hour."

"Really?"

"Yes; we're going to Pasteur's. My husband has just been bitten by a mad dog."

Chief of Fire Brigade (to a member arriving late)—What do you mean by turning up when the fire is finished?

Member—I live three miles away from here, sir.

Chief—Well, you'd better move and live nearer here.—Bon Vivant.

Hard on Miss A.



Carrye—He's just crazy to marry Miss Antique.
Edna—He must be.

A Fine Brand of Patience.
Winthrop Ames, head of the New York theater, said at a recent dinner in New York:

"We shall have some day, here in

America, a theater equal to the Comedie Francaise, but a Comedie Francaise is not built up in a day. We must be patient—as patient as that long line of fisherman always fishing, fishing silently, in the stream that flows on the Comedie Francaise's south.

"Have you fished long in this stream, monsieur?" I asked a member of that patient line one day.

"Twenty-three years, monsieur," was the calm answer.

"Do you get many bites, monsieur?" I continued.

"Eleven years ago, monsieur," he answered, without lifting his eyes from his cork, "seven years ago, on this very spot, I had an excellent bite."—Washington Star.

Otherwise—Perhaps.

He—Do you believe that women should propose?
She—Not if the men would.—Somerville Journal.

Sure Proof.

Two young lawyers, members of the bar but a few weeks, had grown rather obstreperous in the office of one of the court clerks.

"Here, you get out of here," said the clerk.

"We don't have to," the more talkative one promptly answered. "We've got a right in here; we're lawyers."

"Ah, go on," the clerk replied, "you're nothing of the kind."

"Sure we are," the spokesman rejoined. Then turning to his comrade, he commanded, "Buck, go over and get your sign."—Success Magazine.

Meanest of Men.

"I say, Jones, dine with me at the house tonight, will you?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. Will your wife expect me?"

"No; that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning and I want to make her mad."—Peekskill Palladium.

Not What You Expected.

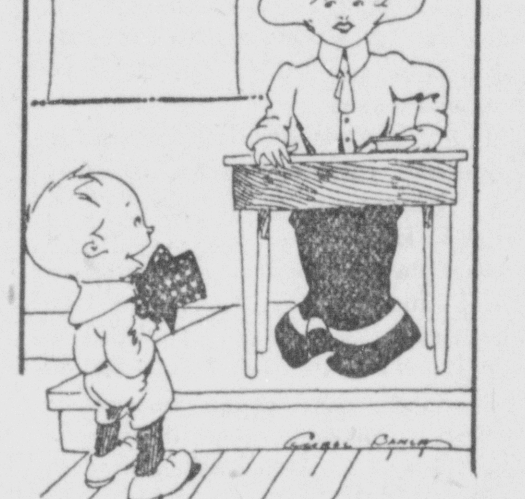
Press me closer, closer still,
With what fervor you can master!
All my nerves responsive thrill,
Press me closer—mustard, plaster!

Shifting the Blame.

Indignant Customer—I want to return this jewel box. It's not ivory, as represented.

Dealer (musingly)—Now, I wonder if it can be possible that elephant had false teeth?—Cleveland Leader.

Two Varieties.



Teacher—Now, Willie, you can tell us how a bat hangs with his head downward.

Willie (after deep thought) — Please, ma'am, do you mean a chimney bat or an acrobat?

No Fault of Hens.

The Lady Fare—"You cannot cheat me, my man. I haven't ridden in cabs for twenty-five years for nothing."

The Cabbie—"Haven't you, mum? Well, you've done your best."—New Zealand Free Lance.

Saving the Situation.

Dr. Hilary Little Laycock of Wheeling, at the recent diocesan convention in New York, said

FOR THE LADIES.

Winter Days in Dixie.
 O' King Wint' all his grip
 Pull on ice en snow;
 Den down fun de Noff he skip—
 Lawzee, heah him blow.
 Rou' en rou' de house he rip.
 Almos' 'll de do.
 Rock de cabin lak a ship—
 Oh, Lucy, close de do.
 Peep out cros de snow fl'is
 See ol' Miste' Cnowy.
 Up on de cohn house roof he steals—
 See him hoppin' slow.
 Load him gun en den Ah kneels—
 Guine to wile him sho!
 But Jac' Eros' nips me de heels—
 Oh, Lucy, close de do.
 Will' duck callin' loud en shrill
 Whed de marsh onto grow.
 Snowbuds on de cedah hill
 Sittin' in a row.
 Possum trac's down by de mill,
 Marcus tol' me so;
 But let dem stay, Ah's got a chill—
 Oh, Lucy, close de do.
 De Dixie lizahd's fas' to sleep,
 Fah down beneaf de snow,
 De Dixie froe he nebbeh peep—
 Tili springtime cum, Ah know.
 So heah Ah'll lie whech de arch flames leap
 En watch de red coals grow.
 Wrapped in kivch two feet deep
 Oh, Lucy, close de do.
 —Victor A. Hermann in New York Sun.

Where Women Have Led.

Right under the eyes of men, but for the most part quite unsuspected by them, women have been leading the world according to their ideas of what a world should be.

This may seem like an extravagant statement, but it is easily proved in three sentences, says Frances Maule Bjorkman, in Van Norden Magazine.

Of the great reform movement of the present, a large number have been originated by women.

In almost all great sociological or reform movements women have at least helped with the launching.

There is hardly one great movement today in which women are not taking an active part.

Mrs. Bjorkman proceeds to enumerate some of the things the women have founded and led: The nursing system in the public schools, play grounds, social centers, pure milk and pure food, social economies, care of infants, Anti-Chlorine association, Woman's Trade Union league, Consumers' league, municipal beautification, civic and sanitary improvement and settlement work. All this the author points out is altruistic and of immense benefit.

Paying Social Debts.

An out-of-town matron whose many friends and relatives in the city hoot at the idea of a trip to her country place, even if isolated by bridge after luncheon, has evolved a policy which she pays off many of her obligations to their hospitality. It is simple, too, for it means merely the purchase of tickets for musicals, theater and opera, with luncheons or suppers after the performances. To the matron she takes three of her music-loving friends at a time, with luncheon after at one of the smart hotels, and for the New Theater and opera she and her husband ask their married friends or some girl and a man, having supper wherever their fancy leads them. In this she feels that she does her share toward returning the pleasures her friends give her without taxing them with a tiresome trip.—New York Tribune.

View of Self-Sacrifice.

A question which frequently arises in social relations is to what extent should one sacrifice one's self to oblige one's friends. More than half the social pleasures entail a sacrifice on somebody's part. Money has to be spared that can ill be afforded, people whom one doesn't like have to be met and health has to be regarded in order to keep an engagement.

The life of the average woman seems to demand of each successive day just a little more of her time, and consequently of her vitality, and when she adds to her own burdens those of other people, by filling in a part of the last moment, or by doing any one of the multitudinous other little things that oblige socially, she is on the road to destruction and had better learn to say "No" before she has to go to a sanitarium. Every social leader has on her list some of these tried and true mortals whom she can coax into working overtime. On this season her dinners are never clouded by a vacant place; her entertainments are always a success. But the woman upon whom she leans pays for it all, even though she has her good time.

Rules of Sleep.

Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep, and me "saves" from necessary sleep is infinitely destructive to mind, body and estate. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you the full amount of sleep they will take by compelling them to go to bed at some regular hour and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unobscure the bonds of sleep. The moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system.

This is the only safe and sufficient rule, and as to the question how much sleep any one requires each must be a rule for himself—great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—London Globe.

Olive Oil for Health and Beauty.

According to a feminine apostle of beauty, olive oil is a regular jack of all trades. It aids digestion, builds the system, renovates nerves and does a general purifying and healing business.

"The skeleton frame calls for it," she declares; "the starved nerves demand it, the sluggish blood stream needs a lubricant, the pale cheeks need a rosy hue, the dead scalp calls for new life, and all these can be obtained by introducing pure olive oil into the system."

"A pint or more a week with food may be used with nothing but good results. Not only make our salad dressing almost entirely of oil, but put it into everything you eat. Then as an extra take a dessert spoonful before every meal."

"If you find it hard to take it clear you can add lemon or other fruit juices, milk or salt. But after a while you will find it palatable when taken quite clear."

"How many drawn, wrinkled, dried-up faces we see which are all the ghastlier for the wretched attempt at an occasional smile. They need oil. Try it as an article of diet and see the freshness return to such faces."

The Care of China.

To keep a china closet in apple-pie order is by no means an easy task, especially if many of the pieces are Dresden or Lowestoft ware.

receive a special cleansing, even if it has not been in use, for no closet is absolutely impervious to dust. For plain pieces all that is necessary is to wipe them with a soft cloth, which will leave no trace of lint. But open-work pieces must be carefully washed in hot suds and with a soft brush, which will penetrate every tiny crevice.

If ornaments with Dresden flowers in relief need washing, a fine spray will do the work best. A brush is not to be recommended for such pieces.

Even the rarest china for table use is washed in hot water and soda, and if not trusted to the most careful servant in the house, it is turned over to a woman whose specialty is the care of china.

In fact, rich women who own historic ware never intrust it to servants.

To avoid dimming gold decorations on china it should always be washed in lukewarm water and mild suds and rinsed afterward in clear water of a warmer temperature.

At the china display one often gets a smeared look which is only visible in certain lights, perhaps, but which is distressing to the family pride when discovered by some eagle-eyed aunt, who will delight to remark, "In my mother's time china never would have looked like this, or have been allowed on the table if this were the case."

This ignorance is due to the fact that the rinsing has not been well done. Plates and saucers should be placed in wire racks for the final rinsing, and the water poured over them or played on them by tube and spray, the water being of such temperature that they dry almost instantly.

Why I Never Married.

"The reason that I never married," said the Second Old Maid, "is because Heaven saw fit to send me with too much family, both as to quantity and quality. I had the misfortune to possess a mother, two grandmothers, seven aunts, innumerable female cousins and a family tree in which my august relatives roosted, and if that combination doesn't spell 'spinsterhood' nothing does."

A girl who would that hand and mine and my hand has to be foreordained and predestined for matrimony from the very foundations of the world.

"The ordinary girl is doomed from the very start to be a prunes and prisms miss, to wear white muslin that doesn't come down to her ankles, to wear high style, and ornament the benches along the walls at dances while her mother looms up over her and discourses about the decadence of society, and how people bring up their girls in these days, and how differently she has brought up her daughter."

"Worse luck for the daughter! I drop a tear on her right now, for I was the daughter, and this was my unhappy fate. I was just an ordinary, pink and white girl, who would have been perfectly happy chewing gum, and reading Marie Corelli, and hanging over the gate with boy sweethearts, and being 'rushed' and 'kissed' by the boys, and being a belle in my little circle."

"And I could have been, too, because I was born knowing how to dance, and play tennis, and knit neckties, and with an interest in simple pleasures and things. When I was a young girl whenever I managed to stray out from under my mother's wing the young fellows would swarm about me like bees about a rose, but they seldom got the chance, for in a community in which the chaperon was a practically unknown terror I was chaperoned to within an inch of my life, and out of all of the fun that was my right."

"My family had strict theories about protecting a young girl, and insisted on sitting in the car seat whenever I had a caller. The result was that only on rare occasions did any young man ever summon up courage enough to invade the awful torture chamber that our drawing room was, where he and I sat stiff, constrained, manufacturing the verisimilitude that we knew perfectly well that my mother and father and grandmothers and aunts were listening to in the adjoining room."

"As for going to the theater, the youths of my acquaintance had neither the money nor the desire to convey me thither when I had to be accompanied by a formidable looking and killjoying matron, whereas they were perfectly free to take the other girls without any such incumbrance."

"Moreover, whenever a young man was heroic enough to show me any attentions he had to run the gauntlet of the criticisms of my mother, my grandmother, my aunts, and my grandmothers, and he was literally flayed alive."

"Emma was sure to object to his looks. Aunt Susan scrutinized his pedigree. Aunt Mary feared he wasn't pious. Cousin Sally hinted darkly at his morals. Cousin Mira thought he took a superficial view of literature. Aunt Susanna had heard he was actually drunk before."

"Cousin Matilda couldn't abide him because she smelt tobacco smoke on his clothes, and so it went until the poor creature was picked to pieces, and whatever romantic fancies I had endowed him with were torn into rags and tatters."

"Of course, the result of giving every young man cause to hate the house, the cold shoulder instead of a warm welcome, and of inflicting the entire family on him when he had come to see me, was to drive away all beaux. I soon began to be left out when little parties were made up. Young men quit asking me to dance. I was drifting into a maidenhood by the time I was 21, yet my mother and female relatives couldn't see that it was their fault, and spent many hours lamenting it and wondering why I was not admired when girls not half so attractive had strings of beaux and made fine matches."

"Nor did I understand it fully, though I intuitively knew that it was my family who acted as scarecrows and frightened young men away."

"When I was about 22 I went to another state to pay a visit, and there I met a young man who fell in love with me and captured my girlish fancy. He was a poor, young lawyer, who, I was told, had sprung from the people, and who was making a name for himself in his profession. He was handsome, and bold, and brave, and forceful, and clever, and witty, and tender, and humorous—the sort of a man who has the irresistible way with a woman, who laughs at her and with her, with a sort of caressing sweetness that makes her feel like a little child that could just creep into his strong arms and be held safe forever."

"Oh," and the Second Old Maid's face grew rosy and young once more. "It isn't any wonder that I loved him and made a romantic hero of him, and gloried and thrilled, as they told me how he had fought his way up, inch by inch, from an office boy into partnership in a big law firm, and that I gladly said 'yes' when he asked me to marry him."

"I went home to boast and proclaim my engagement, but my family threw up hands of horror and lugged in the family tree. What, marry a man who was 'common'? Marry a man without a pedigree? Marry a man who had run errands and swept out offices, and whose mother had taken in washing? My grandmother swooned at the thought. My father forbade it. My mother wept barrels of tears. My aunts and cousins jibed and ridiculed and jeered, and in the end I let them overpower me. I let them break their engagement."

"I had always been held in leading strings and I had not the courage to defy them and fight for my happiness; so I acted like a poor, weak, pusillanimous thing, and I deserved the long, lonely years that have been my bitter

punishment for not being true to my only love.

"As for the man they thought I was too good for and that I would be so condescending to marry, he has been governor of his state and is now senator, and more than once the wheels of his wife's automobile have splashed me with mud as I, a poor and forlorn old maid, walked to and from my work."

"If I were not a teacher, and hence an exemplar of youth, I should say that the reason that I did not marry was because I had too many buttniki relatives," concluded the Second Old Maid.—Dorothy Dix, in Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Recipes by Marion Harland.

Chilli Con Carni.—Cut a round steak into small pieces and put it into a frying pan with a tablespoonful of hot dripping, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of boiling water and two tablespoonfuls of rice. Cover closely and cook slowly until tender. Take the seeds from two large red peppers and remove a part of the seeds. Cover with cold water, add a little garlic and thyme and simmer until soft, then squeeze the peppers in the hand until the water is red and thick. If too thin add a little flour and cook until thick. Season with salt and onion juice, make very hot and pour over the meat.

Risen Waffles.—Beat two eggs light and stir into them a tablespoonful of sugar. Sift three cups of flour with one-half teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve one-half yeast cake in a little warm water. Add to the eggs and sugar a pint of milk, and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and mix all together. Melted yeast cake. Beat very hard and set in a warm place until morning. Bake in heated and greased waffle irons.

Deviled Crabs.—Pick the meat carefully from boiled crabs, but do not break the shells. Mince the meat with a silver fork and mix with it a tablespoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Return it to the shells, greasing these first, cover with crumbs and bits of butter and bake until lightly browned. Serve with sliced lemon and pass saltine crackers.

Penotchie.—Put over the fire in a saucepan a cupful of milk and three cupfuls of brown sugar and boil until a little dropped into cold water makes a ball when rolled between thumb and finger. Add a tablespoonful of butter, take from the fire, stir in a cupful of chopped nuts and beat very hard. Turn into greased pans and mark off into squares, or drop by the spoonful on waxed paper.

Mother's Ginger Snaps.—Heat at the side of the range a cup of molasses and a cup of shortening. Beat into this mixture one-quarter cup of cold water, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a little hot water and enough flour to enable you to roll out. Roll in a thin sheet and bake in a quick oven. The only fault of those cakes is that there may not be enough to satisfy.

Molasses Taffy.—Boil a pint of molasses for twenty minutes, then stir in one-quarter teaspoonful of baking soda and boil until a little dropped into cold water is brittle. Stir all the time the mixture is cooking. Just before taking from the fire add a teaspoonful of vinegar and pour into buttered pans. As soon as cool enough to handle, pull until light in color.

Nut Cakes.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add a pound of powdered sugar, a teaspoonful of cornstarch, and a tablespoonful of flour. Beat well and stir in a pint of any kind of nuts, chopped fine. Mix well and drop by the spoonful into a buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven until light brown.

A ROVER'S WINDFALL.

Fortune for an Inmate of a Charity Mission at Oakland.

In November a penniless nomad of the world, in December a baron of ranch and mine, E. W. Lacy has been suddenly elevated from being a charge of charity in the Whosoever Will Mission in Oakland, Cal., to a position as heir to \$500,000 in an estate of a wealthy uncle in Australia, who recently died. Linked with the tale of a wanderer and improvident life and the death of the wealthy uncle, is a hint, that the roving inmate of the Whosoever Will Mission is a scion of aristocracy. The name of the uncle is carefully guarded. It is definitely stated, however, that he was one of the great ranch and mining kings of Australia. The bulk of the estate is at Melbourne. According to the details available regarding the adventurer's life, he was the favorite nephew of his uncle. He spent his boyhood in Melbourne, where he received a thorough education. The large and distant lands appealed to him, and against the wishes of his relatives he followed the trail of the Wanderlust into all the remote regions and recesses of the world.

ALASKAN LIGHTHOUSES.

Recommendations for Better Lighting of a Dangerous Coast.

Recommendations for more adequate lighting of the waters of Alaska will be contained the estimate of the department of commerce and labor for appropriation. The construction of a lighthouse tender for use in Alaska will be urged. Eighty thousand dollars for a continuation of the work of placing new lights will be asked, the work to follow that undertaken by the \$500,000 appropriation secured last year. It is expected that the department will renew its request for increasing the number of lighthouse districts from sixteen to nineteen. The department takes the view that this increase will help to increase the efficiency of the service in the North Pacific.

Clock Versus Governor.

Senator Robert Love Taylor of Tennessee, while governor of that state, attended a banquet which extended far into the night, and when he went to his home he attempted to gain his room without awakening his wife. He was unsuccessful in this, however, and she called out through the darkness, "What time is it?"

"Just 10 my dear," he answered. At that moment the clock sounded two strokes.

"Did you hear that? It's 2 o'clock," said his wife.

"But, my dear, are you going to take the word of a nickel plated clock against that of the governor of Tennessee?"—National Monthly.

New Hearing for Morse?

The fate of Charles W. Morse is now wholly in the hands of Judge Hough, New York, before whom he was convicted thirteen months ago for violating the United States banking laws and sentenced to fifteen years in the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga. Martin W. Littleton, the financier's attorney, before Judge Noyes of the United States circuit court, made formal motion for reopening and rehearing of the case. Judge Noyes, following custom, remanded the motion to Judge Hough. Mr. Littleton was allowed ten days in which to prepare the case for hearing by Judge Hough.

Find Dead Bow in Ravine.

The body of Lewis Gosner, 55 years old, a well known character of Iowa township, was found in a ravine near High Amana, Ia., partly covered with water. It is presumed that while attempting to cross the bridge he fell off.

THE TABORS LOSE SUIT.

DAUGHTER OF MINING KING IS NOW PENNILESS.

The End of a Courageous Legal Battle for a Portion of Her Father's Lost Fortune.

On her eighteenth birthday Silver Dollar Echo Tabor, the most interesting girl in the west, definitely realized that she had been deserted by the luck that made her father, "Lucky" Tabor, the greatest of the western mining kings. Now she is face to face with the fight for existence, with only her own efforts to rely upon.

On the day she became of age Miss Tabor played her last card in her long contest for a share of the millions which were wrested away from the late Senator Tabor while he still was alive. She and today the beautiful daughter whose face was courted by the silver dollar in possession of her father when he died, faces the world penniless in the city in which almost every great pioneer enterprise was inspired by the man whose pet daughter she was.

When H. A. W. Tabor died he was a pauper. He had given millions to the city of Denver for beautification, the city, had donated to the federal government the most valuable piece of land down town in exchange for a postoffice for the city, and had built an opera house, the inside of which was finished in mahogany and rosewood imported from Panama to meet his fancy. He had extracted more millions in gold and silver from Colorado mines than had any other miner in the country, yet unfortunate investments in his later years had so tied up his property that he put it in the hands of a receiver for the benefit of his creditors. He was buried by the city and friends who still were faithful to him.

Silver Echo Tabor was brought home from Europe when her father's fortunes broke. When he died she was left with her mother with only the interest of friends to rely upon. Then began the fight for some part of the property which had been her father's, but which had been tied up by him for his creditors. Such money as she could gather she used to attack the receivership again and again. Every move was beaten during the three years of this litigation which forms part of the records of almost every first edition in the city and danger of estrangement of the Tabor relatives during the last years of the senator's life and none of these would help the little girl and her mother and so Silver Tabor was forced to suspend for a time her attacks upon those who still administered her father's estate.

Dressed in overalls and jumpers, Silver Tabor and her mother would find their way to the earliest of the Matchless shafts, the one which had first been deserted for the richer veins. Here, with pick and shovel, the mother would "put" her shots with the skill and aim of a prospector and her daughter would gather other crystals, which, in the washing after three or four days' work, would provide them with at least a hundred dollars or so. They dared not take an outsider into their confidence, even with the hope of reopening the mine, for the first intimation that there still was metal to be had there would have brought the Tabor creditors about their heels.

It was the hope of Silver Tabor to some day save enough money secured in this way to hire the best attorneys and make her final stand for some of her father's estate, the claim to the equity. Before this had been done some one learned her secret and the Matchless promptly was taken from her. By the creditors a guard was stationed at the mouth of the mine with instructions to look for a tall, healthy, dark-haired girl, and a small, thin, old woman. He was ordered when he should see them to treat them as mine trespassers—a grave offense in Colorado.

The last day upon which Miss Tabor could file her claim for an equity in her father's estate was when she should be of age—her eighteenth birthday. This day came, and the girl still without a lawyer, as none thought that she had any hope of successfully prosecuting the claim. Determined that she would not accept defeat, Miss Tabor went to the courthouse and on the public desk prepared her own crude statement of her case. The dates and legal descriptions she had at her fingers' ends, so often had she pored over the courthouse records. With nearly a hundred pages of longhand manuscript she presented herself first to the clerk of the courts and then to the county recorder, asking that her manuscript be filed as a legal document, setting forth her claim to a hearing in court.

The officials were compelled to refuse the girl's plea, they explain, they would be liable to damages should they encumber the estate upon such an un-legal pretense.

"No use,"

So Silver Dollar Tabor went, with tears of resignation, to the side of the mother, who had dwelt in the most magnificent mansion in the city with her father, and took the news that they must depend upon charity in the city, where on every hand are memories of the wealth of the "luckiest" man in the history of the west.—Denver Dispatch.

The Clock's Annoying Habit.

Mrs. Benham had just seated herself to work at a bit of embroidery that required particular care and attention, when there came a ring at the telephone. "I just know that's Mrs. Gummy," she said, as she laid down her work and went to answer the call. "Whenever I am unusually busy and haven't any time to spare, she rings me up and talks to me by the hour."

She was right. It was Mrs. Gummy, who was fully as talkative as ever. She began with a long story, and when fairly in the middle of it the clock on the wall of the room began to strike.

"Wait a moment," interposed Mrs. Benham. "I can't hear you until this noise stops."

"What made that noise?" asked Mrs. Gummy, after it had ceased.

"It was only the clock," answered the patient Mrs. Benham. "You know it always strikes once or twice when we get to talking."

The conversation did not last long after that.—Youth's Companion.

It Held Him for Awhile.

The dapper little traveling man glanced at the menu and then looked up at the pretty waitress. "Nice day, little one," he began.

"Yes, it is," she answered, "and so was yesterday, and the day before, and I know I'm a little peach, and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while and like the place, and don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working in a hotel; if I did I'd quit my job; and my wages are satisfactory; and I don't know if there is a show or dance in town tonight, and if there is I shall not go with you, and I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is cook in this hotel and he weighs 200 pounds and last week he wiped up this dining room floor with a

fresh \$50-a-month traveling man who tried to make a date with me. Now, what'll you have?"

The dapper little traveling man said he was not very hungry and a cup of coffee and some hot cakes would do.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

CONGO REFORMS.

Belgians Prepare to Improve the Condition of Oppressed Natives.

Belgians who have taken the most prominent part in the long drawn out campaign for the reform of the Congo are ready to take active steps to promote the cause which they have at heart.

A scheme has been propounded by M. Renkin, the minister of the colonies, as the result of a prolonged journey of personal inquiry and observation in the Congo. Its main features are the recognition of the right of the natives to harvest the products of the soil and the opening up of the colony to freedom of commerce.

These reforms are to be brought about in three stages, to become operative as from July 1, 1910, over an area equal, roughly, to about half that of the whole colony, which includes the greater part of the Belgian bank of the Ubangi, both banks of the lower and middle Congo as far as Stanleyville and its upper basin in the Katanga, and the whole basin of the Kasai. On July 1, 1911, they will become operative over a further area comprising the left bank of the Lunaba and the basin of the Uele, and on July 1, 1912, their operation will be extended to the rest of the colony.

From their operation, however, are withdrawn the territories held by concessionary companies with whom the government reserve to themselves the right of making ultimately fresh arrangements, as also certain reservations for the establishment of state plantations. Forced labor will disappear with the introduction of these reforms, and the payment of taxes in money will be substituted for payment in kind.

Though the Exposé des Motifs presented to the Belgian chambers with the financial bill for 1910 gives a full and interesting outline of his scheme of reforms, there are assuredly many points which still require elucidation and some which will provoke criticism.

The Belgian reformers believe that M. Renkin's scheme is on the whole a reasonable and satisfactory scheme, and above all a practical scheme, that the Belgian government is sincerely determined to carry it through, and that, even if there were any sufficient reason for doubting their sincerity, the Belgian nation is in earnest and has the means of enforcing the execution of the reforms by the exercise of the parliamentary control with which it is now for the first time invested over the affairs of the Congo as a consequence of annexation.

TO MARRY IN CHINA.

An Ohio Girl Goes to a Lover Who Can't Come for Her.

Miss Clara Beck of Mansfield, O., is on her way to China to meet and marry Ernest Keppler, formerly chief clerk of the Big Four railway. "I am going to Mr. Keppler because he couldn't come to me and we just had to be with each other," said Miss Beck before leaving Mansfield. Keppler is the managing partner of an American exporting house in Manila. He will meet Miss Beck at Hong Kong, China, and they will be married at Canton and then make their home in Manila. Friends of Miss Beck made novel plans to keep her from being lonesome during her long journey. They sent her two trunks full of clothing. Each present is wrapped in a package labeled with the date on which she may open it. The labels permit her to open two packages each day of the journey.

A BOY'S NAME.

It Causes the Separation of His Parents.

The naming of their son, who never had been christened, was the rock on which Frank E. Barr, treasurer of the Barr, Thaw & Fraser company of New York, N. J., and Mrs. Barr parted after twenty-three years of married life. The Barrs lived in Summit, N. J., and it was decided to have a christening last Easter. The family went to church and when asked what name was to be given to the boy Barr answered "Andrew Meredith." This is the name of Barr's father and Meredith the marriage name of his sister, Mrs. Barr at once objected. There was a quarrel, and they left the church without having the boy christened. They parted April 12. In chancery court, Newark, Mrs. Barr brought suit for alimony and separate maintenance, but she did not divorce.

TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

They Wish to Form Associations in Army and Navy.

Recently Secretary Knox received the delegates to the Reformers' convocation, in Washington, and afterward the delegates met in the Congressional church. Resolutions were adopted appointing a deputation to urge the Y. M. C. A. to promote total abstinence associations in the army and navy, in harmony with a suggestion made by Maj.-Gen. Frederick Dent Grant in an interview in Chicago. A deputation was appointed to wait on President Taft and confer with him on his demand for a reform of the "scandalous delays and technicalities of the courts," and to urge him to select men who will use their power to this end as judges and district attorneys.

Ruined by Trashy Reading.

Henry Milburn, aged 18, was arrested at Maroa, Ill., on a Black Hand charge, preferred by John Crocker, a wealthy banker, to whom Milburn had written two letters threatening his life and that of his daughter, Ruth, 15, unless paid \$50,000. Milburn confessed that he had been ruined by the reading of dime and nickel novels.

Argentina Buying Our Coal.

The coal market of the Argentine republic, heretofore supplied almost exclusively from Great Britain, is to be invaded by American coal. The first West Virginia coal, it is claimed, can be put in Argentina 25 cents cheaper than the British coal.

Ducks Die in California.

Thousands of wild ducks are dying in Imperial valley, California, but whether from disease or poison is not known. Acres of grain fields are strewn with dead birds, while others, still living, are so stupefied that they can be caught by hand.

A Dog Learned in Languages.

G. W. Macnamara of Montreal, who at one time was in Fritz Schenck company, and who has been touring South America and Europe, has a dachshund named Rip, which understands seven languages and responds to conversation in each.

The practice of cutting the claws of the more ferocious animals of the London Zoological gardens has recently been greatly facilitated by chloroforming the animals.

JONNESCO'S PLAIN TALK

Wherein He Thinks American Surgery Somewhat Behind the Times.

Dr. Jonnesco's interview in the New York World containing a comparison of American and European surgical practice not flattering to the Americans is as follows:

"I have seen no operating tables here on which the patient may be placed comfortably in any position. In your tables may be raised or lowered and that is all. Tables in use on the continent of Europe are so joined and hinged that the body of the patient may be adjusted to the liking of the operator, and the portion to be operated upon thus brought most conveniently to hand. As for the American surgeons employ anti-septic surgery, which we have put aside for aseptic surgery. For several years I have not used antiseptics and I was surprised to find them still in use in the American hospitals. It has been demonstrated that infection in aseptic surgery is extremely small and that is not the case in the use of antiseptics."

"Your surgeons are men of skill, but I have seen no really expeditious operation here. In my clinic the most complicated operation does not occupy forty minutes and that time seems short for an ordinary operation here. As the anesthetic is effective for no longer time than that, expedition by the surgeons is essential."

"In my operations, not only

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1910

Now comes L. Ert Slack and says that the report that he is to do the bidding of the Taggart crowd and smother his ambition to seek the first good office open to a democrat is not true.

ON the anniversary of the birth of George Washington we are inclined to review the achievements of the first president of the republic. We study the history of the revolutionary period and find that Washington was a great leader and a true patriot. We review the history of his administration, a most trying period, and at once conclude that he was a wise statesman and a master of men. Then we read his farewell address at the close of his administration and find there thoughts and expressions that are an inspiration to every thoughtful and patriotic citizen. It is well to study the life and character of Washington.

Lon Prewitt was a passenger to Brownstown this morning.

REMEMBER THE MAINE

There Was No Need to Remind This Crowd of the Slogan.

New York, Feb. 21.—Nobody had to be told to remember the Maine Sunday afternoon at the memorial meeting which the Spanish War Veterans held at Carnegie hall. The meeting was in commemoration of the sinking of the battleship in Havana harbor twelve years ago last Tuesday, and was attended by hundreds of men who fought in the war that followed. On the platform near Admiral Sigsbee and Chaplain John P. Chadwick were a dozen or so of the sailor men who lived through the wreck.

The specific purpose of the meeting was the erection of an adequate monument to the men who died on the Maine. Congressman William Sulzer made a speech on his bill which is now pending in Washington for the removal of the hulk from Havana harbor. A resolution asking congress to get to work was passed in a roar of ayes.

Joseph H. Choate was the chairman of the meeting. General Daniel E. Sickles sat near him on the platform. Mr. Choate spoke of the destruction of the Maine as one of the great events of American history.

"It made war inevitable and irresistible," said he. "Those who were killed deserve to be placed side by side with the heroes who died on the field of battle."

"I was sadly impressed," he went on, "a year ago when I saw the battered hulk in the harbor of Havana, telling in silent horror the story of the disaster of the 15th of February, twelve years ago, and I could not help thinking that it was by no means creditable to ourselves or to our government to leave it lying there."

Special Hourly Bargain Events

Special for Wednesday, Feb. 23

Come on Time-Remember the Date

9:00 a. m. to 10:00 a. m.	9-4 Seamless Sheeting, full 81 in. wide, brown 21c, bleached 23c this hour. Amoskeag Apron check Gingham, all colors and checks, this hour 6¼ cents.
10:00 a. m. to 11:00 a. m.	Muslin Underwear, Corset Covers, 25 and 35c quality this hour 19c, 50c quality 35c, 75c quality 50c, 1.00 quality 75c. Muslin Drawers with tucked and lace trimmed ruffles, one lot, this hour 22c. One lot Isabelle one-piece drawers, this hour 48c.
11:00 a. m. to 12:00 m.	One lot of ladies' separate Vests and Pants, of fine fleeced 50c quality, special this hour 35c, One lot Children's Heavy Fleeced Hose, this hour 10c.
1:00 p. m. to 2:00 p. m.	Embroidery, wide flouncing and corset cover width, 30 and 25c quality, this hour 19c. One table full of Hamburg Embroidery, 15 and 12½c quality, this hour 9c per yard.
2:00 p. m. to 3:00 p. m.	Notions, Darning Cotton, all shades, 1c per spool; San Silk, all colors, 3 spools 10c; Cotton Thread, 3 spools 10c.
3:00 p. m. to 4:00 p. m.	One lot of Ladies' and Misses' Long Coats, new style, \$10 to \$20 quality, this hour \$5.00.
4:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m.	Several Patterns of printed Etamine Curtain Material, 25c quality, this hour 16c. One lot of Hydegrade Galleta Cloth, the 20c quality, this hour, 15c per yard.

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PHILADELPHIA LABOR TROUBLE

General Strike May Follow Arrest of Pratt.

THE SITUATION NOW ACUTE

With the Arrest of C. O. Pratt, Leader of the Striking Carmen, Direction of the Strike Has Devolved Upon Head of Central Labor Union, Who Says He Will Call Out the Hundred Thousand Men Under His Control—Pratt Welcomed His Incarceration and Is Now Posing as a "Martyr to the Cause."

Philadelphia, Feb. 22.—The captain general of the army of carmen who are striking against the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company, C. O. Pratt, was arrested last night and juggled, charged with conspiracy and inciting riot. Pratt was delighted, and when the cell door slammed upon him he skipped up and down the stone floor, whistling and laughing.

The director of public safety, Henry Clay, who bosses, under Mayor Reyburn, a force of police that has proved wholly ineffective, called four plain-clothes men into his office last evening and told them to get the strike leader wherever he could be found. He had an idea, did Clay, that Pratt would show fight and that there would be a fine shindy that would further discredit the strikers.

The quartet of sleuths heard that Pratt was taking dinner at a restaurant and they approached the place after the manner of sleuths, going by back streets and avoiding the electric lights. They bounced into the restaurant suddenly and located Pratt at a table with J. J. Murphy, president of the Central Labor Union; Peter Driscoll, president of the Amalgamated Union, the organization that is on strike, and one or two lieutenants. O'Connor, one of the detectives, touched Pratt on the shoulder. "I have a warrant for your arrest," said the detective.

"Fine," said Pratt.
"You'll have to come right along," said O'Connor.

"Delighted," said the strike leader, "but there is not any rush, I guess. Sit down and have dinner with us."

"Can't be done," said O'Connor.
"We'll have a drink, anyway," Pratt suggested.

"Never drink," said O'Connor.

"All right," Pratt answered, rising for his hat and coat. "It's a pleasure to be pinched by such an exemplary man."

They took Pratt to the central station, entered him as a boarder, frisked him for his valuables and thrust him into a fairly commodious cell.

The episode was farce comedy, the single amusing circumstance of a troubled day, but its results are more than likely to be anything but funny. Pratt's arrest has furnished him with an asset he lacked in the strike last summer (and which he tried vainly to get), and which he did not have in the present strike until now—the satisfaction of being a martyr. Now that he has been put behind the bars, the command of the strikers devolves on John J. Murphy, whose importance lies in the fact that he has power to call out from 75,000 to 100,000 labor union men and paralyze every important industry in the city. Murphy announces that he is going to issue the call. He said that his hand had been forced by the action of the police in arresting Pratt, but that there seemed to be nothing else left. There is just this element of hope so far as industrial establishments are concerned—that Murphy's call may not get an enthusiastic response.

Director Clay's totally unexpected action has rendered the whole situation more acute. People are afraid that it will have the effect of unifying disgruntled elements among the strikers and that it may lead to further disorders.

Murphy, Driscoll and others hustled around town trying to get bail, or at least a copy of the charges against their colleague. They received promises of more than enough security, but they were not able to put their fingers on a copy of the charges. It was plainly indicated by Clay that Pratt would not be released, that he would be held without bail and that nobody was to be permitted to look at the charges.

It looks very much as if the tramp of the Pennsylvania national guard would be heard in the streets within a day or two. The happenings of the past twelve hours, which included the dynamiting of streetcars, scores of encounters between the police and the gangs of strikers and strike sympathizers, the invasion of the downtown district by the disorderly element, and the apparent helplessness of the police to stamp out the rioting, led to a conference between Mayor Reyburn, Brigadier General W. P. Bowman, commander of the First brigade, District Attorney Rotam and Director of Public Safety Clay. Bowman was asked how soon he could assemble his soldiers in their armories for service. Under the act of 1850 the mayor has power to call on the militia to put down riots. The mayor and General Bowman admitted the seriousness of the situation and said that arrangements are being made to assemble the guardsmen.

Governor Stuart has arrived in the

city. The understanding is that the governor is ready to act the minute that Mayor Reyburn gives the word. In twenty-five or thirty serious fights in all parts of the city there were twenty people seriously hurt and at least forty or fifty more who got away from the police and took their wounds home. The company reported that 179 cars were wrecked and that 1,159 window panes had been smashed.

FRIENDS ARE BITTER

Strong Talk of Lynching Stirs a Georgia Neighborhood.

Comer, Ga., Feb. 21.—Accused of having assaulted Mrs. Martha Graham, John C. Smith has been arrested and lodged in jail, bail being denied. According to Mrs. Graham, who is a bride of a few weeks, the alleged assault was committed several days ago.

Smith and Graham and neighbors and the families have been intimate. Mrs. Graham was at Smith's home recently, and when she started home Smith offered to accompany her. On the way Mrs. Graham charges that Smith made love to her. She repulsed him and then she says he made her submit by force. Smith is married and has children. He denies that there was any assault.

The Gramahs are prominent and their friends are so bitter that there is talk of lynching Smith. The jail is strongly guarded.

MY DOCTOR MIGHTY FINE

Mrs. Hattie Cain of Carrsville
Thinks all the More of Her
Doctor Since He Advised
Her to Take Cardui.

Carrsville, Ky.—"My doctor," writes Mrs. Hattie Cain, "who advised me to take Cardui, for my troubles, is a mighty fine doctor, and I say God bless Cardui and the people who make it."

"Before I took Cardui, I suffered with female troubles for sixteen years. I would have to send for a doctor every three months, and oh! how dreadfully I suffered!"

"I would cramp and have convulsions and it looked like I would die. At last I took Cardui and oh! what a surprise I found it was the medicine for me!"

"From the first bottle, I began to mend and now I am well, can do more work, can walk and go where I please and it don't hurt me, and I owe it all to Cardui."

Cardui helps sick women back to health. It has been doing this for over 50 years. It is not a laxative, or a heart or kidney medicine—it is a woman's medicine.

If you are a woman, try it.

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Seats on Sale Friday at Miller's Book Store.

PERSONAL.

Miss Cora Hughes went to Medora yesterday.

M. A. Surface, the auctioneer, was in the city Saturday.

Carr Branaman was a passenger to Brownstown this morning.

James Keach of Brownstown, was in the city this morning.

W. A. Young of Osgood, was in this city Monday evening.

Adolph Hermann was here from Brownstown this morning.

Willard Stout was here from Brownstown this morning.

Albert McGrew, of Columbus, was in this city Monday afternoon.

Joseph Ackerman was a passenger to Brownstown this morning.

Miss Nora Hunsucker, of Medora, was in the city this afternoon.

Ross Robertson was here from Brownstown Monday evening.

William H. Wacker was here from Brownstown Monday evening.

Harry M. Miller made a business trip to Brownstown this morning.

O. M. Glasson, of Redding township, was in the city this morning.

Dr. James M. Shields was a passenger to Brownstown this morning.

James Wayman, Jr., was here from Brownstown a short time this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Kaufman went to Martinsville this morning on a ten days' vacation.

Jay C. Smith went to Anderson this morning to attend the state meeting of the Baptist Brotherhood.

N. F. Tabb, formerly of the firm of Tabb & Tabb, grocers, was here from Gallipolis, Ky., Monday evening.

Miss Florence Keach, of the Crothersville Bank, was here this morning and returned home on the ten o'clock car.

Trainmaster, Daniel Ward, of the I. & L. traction line, was here from Scottsburg a short time this morning on business.

Dr. and Mrs. W. O. Goodloe, came up from Scottsburg this morning to visit their daughter, Mrs. C. D. Billings, and family.

Miss Lizzie Fenneman, a matron in the Deaconess Hospital at Louisville, has returned home after a visit with Mrs. J. H. Kamman.

Harry Clark, baggagemaster at the Pennsylvania passenger station, is back on duty again after being off a few days on account of sickness.

George F. Pomeroy, of this city, and Mr. Sweeney of Redding township, went to Brownstown this morning to attend a meeting of township assessors.

Lawrence McTurnan, formerly deputy state superintendent, was in the city this morning. He was at North Vernon yesterday and came over this morning on the early train.

Misses Matilda and Christina Leblanc are at home from Bloomington to spend a few days with their parents at Rockford. They have with them as their guest, Miss Bess Lighty, who is also a student in Indiana University.

Rev. W. E. McCarty of Portland, who has been conducting a series of revival meetings at the Methodist church at Dover Hill, near Shoals, passed through the city this morning, having been called home to conduct a funeral at Ridgeville.

F. A. Seelinger and son, Glenn E. Seelinger, arrived here Monday from Salda, Cal., on a short visit with his brother, O. D. Seelinger, of this city, and other relatives. Mr. Seelinger has been railroading on the Denver & Rio Grande for the past 29 years and has been running an engine on that road for 24 years.

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WHITE FLOUR!

CHEAPEST AND
BEST FOOD

Government Investigations Prove It

Total nutritive material in ten cents worth of foods.

FOOD MATERIALS	Price per pound	Price per bushel
Oysters, 50c per quart	18 .50	
Codfish, fresh, dressed	10 1.00	
Eggs, 24c per dozen	16 .68	
Beef, sirloin	20 .50	
Beef, leg	16 .68	
Beef, round	14 .71	
Ham, smoked	18 .54	
Codfish, salted	7 1.48	
Pork, loin	12 .88	
Butter	25 .40	
Cheese	16 .68	
Milk, 6c per quart	8 3.38	
Ornamental Breakfast Foods	10 1.00	
Ornamental Breakfast Foods	7.5 1.3	
Pork, salt, fat	12 .88	
Rice	8 1.25	
Potatoes, 40c bushel	1 10.00	
Beans, white, dried	5 2.00	
Sugar	6 1.67	
Old meal	4 2.50	
Wheat flour	8 3.38	

ABOVE CHART IS PREPARED FROM BULLETIN OF AGR. DEPT.

SUCCESS PATENT

80c Per Sack At All Grocers

White Flour is Entirely Free from Adulterants

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Prevailing Current Prices For Grain and Livestock.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.

Wheat—Wagon, \$1.18; No. 2 red, \$1.24. Corn—No. 2, 62c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 47½c. Hay—Baled, \$14.50 @ 15.50; timothy, \$14.00 @ 15.50; mixed, \$13.50 @ 15.50. Cattle—\$3.00 @ 7.00. Hogs—\$4.00 @ 9.50. Sheep—\$3.50 @ 5.50. Lambs—\$6.00 @ 8.75. Receipts—2,000 hogs; 650 cattle; 100 sheep.

At Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.28. Corn—No. 2, 64½c. Oats—No. 2, 50c. Cattle—\$2.50 @ 6.40. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 9.65. Sheep—\$2.00 @ 4.50. Lambs—\$3.00 @ 8.90.

At Chicago.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.26. Corn—No. 2, 66c. Oats—No. 2, 47c. Cattle—Steers, \$5.00 @ 7.90; stockers and feeders, \$3.00 @ 5.60. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 9.35. Sheep—\$4.50 @ 7.35. Lambs—\$7.25 @ 9.50.

At St. Louis.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.27½. Corn—No. 2, 63½c. Oats—No. 2, 47c. Cattle—Steers, \$6.75 @ 7.85. Hogs—\$6.75 @ 9.40. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 7.00. Lambs—\$4.50 @ 8.90.

At East Buffalo.

Cattle—\$4.25 @ 7.00. Hogs—\$6.00 @ 9.60. Sheep—\$3.70 @ 7.40. Lambs—\$5.50 @ 9.15.

Wheat at Toledo.

May, \$1.24½; July, \$1.07½; cash, \$1.24½.

Former Sultan of Turkey the Subject of All Sorts of Conjectures.

Constantinople, Feb. 22.—Numerous rumors are afloat here concerning the former sultan, Abdul Hamid. It has been variously stated that he had been brought here; that he died of sickness at Salonika; that he had committed suicide at Salonika, and that he had escaped from the palace in which he had been confined. None of these reports were absolutely confirmable, owing to the secretiveness of the government's measures dealing with the former ruler, but the best information is that Abdul remains at Salonika, mentally deranged.

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JAY C. SMITH
EDWARD A. KEMM
Editors and Publishers

SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

CONDENSATIONS.

—Alcohol was discovered in the Thirteenth century.

—Covered carriages were first used in England in 1580.

—The last cable road in Brooklyn will soon be electrified.

—Irrigation has literally reclaimed the desert in California.

—Stem-winding watches were the invention of Noel in 1851.

—Artificial—not "imitation"—rubber is manufactured in a little factory in Paris.

—Copper tubes are preferred to steel in locomotive boilers by many European experts.

—Most of the large olive growers in Spain have their own mills for the extraction of the oil.

—Because the enormous rats of Uganda are so voracious missionaries are using books bound in tin.

—Austria proposes to tax bachelors and widowers. It seems hard to tax graduates as well as freshmen.

—Before the earthquake and fire three years ago San Francisco had 400,000 inhabitants. To day the number exceeds 500,000.

—Colorado is making an experiment—so far successful—of the honor system among the convicts who work on its highways.

—Wagner in his Walwehen and other wildwood music has dutifully followed the beautiful music of the little German crickets.

—Platform tickets are issued by some German railroads for the use of non-travelers who wish to say good-bye to departing friends.

—The smallest dog is probably the Chihuahua of Mexico. It can snuggle in the palm of the hand or may be concealed in a bunch of flowers.

—District after district in China is raising money toward the endowment fund of Hong Kong university. Canton district has given \$43,750.

—Mrs. J. R. Harris and Mrs. Narcissa Owen, Indian women, are active in getting signatures for the national suffrage petition in eastern Oklahoma.

—According to government experts, the great Salton sea, although in places fifteen miles wide and forty miles long, will disappear by evaporation by 1925.

—Several French schools are using machines which will suck dust from the leaves of books, spray them with disinfectant and dry them with hot air.

—The Paris street with the longest name is La Rue des Petres-Saint-Germain-Auxerrois. In Brussels it is La Rue de la Montagne-Aux-Herbes-Potagees.

—Submarine sounding signals give warning to vessels ten miles distant of the dreaded English bank at La Plata river, Uruguay, where dense fogs are frequent.

—A German writer declares that stuttering can be cured by simply enforcing the rule: "Do not open your mouth until you are quite clear in your head exactly what you want to say."

—British manufacturers of blacking purchase large crates of beeswax. The beeswax imported from China is in large cubes, each done up in a written guarantee of purity and quality.

—No matter at what time of the year the Japanese child is born, whether in May, the middle of summer or late in December, it is always said to be one year old on the January 1 following its birth.

—Capt. Quarevaux of the French steamer Thiers, who has just arrived at San Francisco from Newcastle, in Australia, announces that he has discovered a new island in the Pacific waters near Galibiers group.

—The Apaches, who for many years were the scourge of Arizona and New Mexico, probably never numbered more than 10,000. The present number is about six thousand, and most of them live in the White Mountain reservation, Arizona.

—Amsterdam now boasts of automatic doctors. The machine represents a man and in the region of each organ is a slot designed to receive a 15 centime piece—3 cents. The patient suffering drops his coin into the slot connected with the organ in trouble and without delay a prescription is shot out bearing the address of an apothecary, whither he takes the card and receives his medicine.

Constitutional Elm to Be Saved.
The old elm at Corydon, under whose rugged limbs the state constitution was drawn up ninety-three years ago, and which for a while seemed doomed to destruction, has at last found a permanent caretaker in the Corydon organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

This old elm, which has always claimed the attention of visitors to the first state capital and has been an object of reverence for loyal Hoosiers, called the constitutional elm because of its connection with that important event in the history of Indiana. At present it is in an excellent state of preservation, although there is evidence of some past neglect in caring for it.

The trunk of the constitutional elm is five feet in diameter at the base and the branches have a spread of nearly 120 feet. A forestry expert recently estimated that the tree is now 250 years old and said that with proper care, barring destruction by the elements of course, the elm should flourish another hundred years.—Indianapolis Star.

In Defense of American Sailors.

Friends of the American sailor are calling attention to conditions which, they say, make seafaring men in this country the most pitiable of a set of workers in the world. They declare that a sailor's life is that of a slave; that he has no more right to his own carcass than a sheep or a chicken; that hundreds are driven to their death every year on the Great Lakes to yield profit to the steel, oil and shipping trusts; and that the navy can never be equipped with desirable American seamen until the laws are amended. They say, also, that men who engage as sailors are sent to their death in rotten ships, untrained, undermanned, improperly inspected and deliberately set adrift to make a port or make insurance.

Animal Industries.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder and woodcutter; he cuts down trees and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer. He does not only build houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk mercers.

Cattle Thieves in California.

In the arrest of Fred Schaefer, Sol Levy and Joseph Kennel, cattlemen, charged with cattle stealing, the police of San Francisco are confident they have brought into the courts three members of a well-organized band of "rustlers"

that has been levying a systematic tribute upon stock interests throughout California. Schaefer is a cattle dealer in the Potrero district, Levy likewise a dealer in the Mission district and Kennel a rancher on the San Bruno road, near the Seven-Mile house, at whose ranch three head of stolen stock were. The herd on the Kennel ranch numbers more than 400 head, all supposedly the booty of the gang. The ranch is supposed to be the roundup place for this section of the state. There the cattle are sold to stock buyers. The gang is supposed to be leagued with horse thieves, looting farms in conjunction.

COUNTESS WARNED.

People Hurt by Her Memoirs Digging in Her Past.

There is a possibility that the Countess of Cardigan will not write another book. Her present volume of memoirs is in its eighth edition and prominent society folk threaten that if the countess does not quit they will make her the subject of a book which for spiciness will take the edge off her memoirs. Recently a member of the Disraeli family came across a bunch of correspondence which throws a new light on Lady Cardigan's story that she refused Disraeli after a courtship with the Prince of Wales. The correspondence consists of letters, mostly from Lady Cardigan, and are the tenderest epistles, practically proposing marriage to Disraeli. On the back of the last of these letters are found a few words written by Disraeli to the effect that he declined the proposal—or, as the story is told in society, the statesman dropped into the verger's study, using the Victorian slang equivalent to "not for me." Society at present is devoting considerable efforts to collate all data concerning Lady Cardigan and some concerted effort will shortly be made to put the lid on her future literary efforts.

A RICH PRISONER.

A "Lifer" in a New York Penitentiary Is Financially Successful.

Alphonse J. Stephani, the wealthiest "lifer" in New York state, is fast becoming a millionaire, although he cannot spend a cent of his great income. As a life convict in Bannemora prison, where he has spent the last eighteen years, Stephani has accumulated a fortune estimated at over \$500,000. Stephani was sentenced to prison for life for murdering former Judge Clinton G. Remondino, whom he accused of having treated him unfairly in business dealings. His mother died soon afterward, leaving him \$25,000. His father also left him \$10,000. With this small capital, Stephani conceived the plan of making Wall street yield him a revenue that might one day be the means of opening the prison doors for him. From time to time he has been using them to make certain investments for him. From the first his judgment was correct. Some of his profits he placed in banks in London, Paris and Frankfurt. Others he invested in railroad stocks. Stephani was born in Philadelphia in 1865. His nearest relatives are an uncle and an aunt in Georgia.

WITCHCRAFT IN INDIA.

Belief So Strong That Human Sacrifice Is Still Practiced.

The belief in witchcraft is still fast rooted in parts of India, and the unfortunate persons suspected of the black art are not uncommonly done to death. In Bengal last year several cases of the kind came before the courts. In the Sonthal Parganahs a woman was murdered by her mother and brother, who believed her to be a witch. In Palaman a man was killed, as the villagers held that he was a wizard. In another case two women were murdered on the bare suspicion that they had caused the death of three children by cholera. Human sacrifice also is still practiced among the uncivilized tribes of Bengal. In Angul some Khonds sacrificed a girl as a propitiary offering against cholera, and in Palaman a boy was enticed into the jungle and killed as a sacrifice. There can be little doubt that any relaxation of vigilance would result in a serious increase of witch killing and human sacrifices.—Allahabad Pioneer.

WATER HEATER BURST.

Windows, Partitions and Plaster Blown Out, but Tenants Escape.

With terrific force a steam water heater exploded in the building, 416 West Forty-second street, Chicago, wrecking the store of Stroh & Wilson, machinists and steamfitters' supplies on the ground floor, and doing much damage on the two upper floors. Although the windows were shattered, and plastering knocked off the walls on all the floors, where there were more than twenty persons, no one was injured. About \$500 damage was done. The entire building rocked for a second. Plate glass windows and partitions on the ground floor were also blown into the street, and only the girders were left standing. Persons in the building were stunned for a few minutes, and then began to crawl to the street from the store and from the upper floors. The arrival of the rescuers from two police stations prevented a panic, and the firemen extinguished trifling fires started by gas.

The Liability of the Carrier.

The appellate court of the First district at Chicago has held that an express company is liable for the full value of goods destroyed in transit through the negligence of the carrier, rather than the arbitrary value of \$50 placed on all express packages where the value is not specifically stated by the shipper when the consignment is made. The court found its authority for the ruling in the Illinois statute which denies the carrier the right to limit the common law liability by any stipulation or limitation expressed in the receipt given for the goods to be transported. The case was appealed by Rodman B. Ellison and Express company. The ruling of the court sends the case back to the trial court for a new trial.

On Duty Fifty-six Hours.

With the engineer admittedly asleep for part of the run at least, the first section of the Boston-New York express, known as the Owl, collided with an express freight train at Clinton, Conn., early one morning. The train was considerably damaged, but happily few persons were injured. George Camp, the engineer said he was not asleep at the time of the accident, but admitted that he had been. He had had only two hours of sleep in fifty-eight hours because of calls to duty. There is no law in Connecticut limiting the working hours of engineers. An attempt was made to put such a law through three years ago, but it failed.

An Illinois Vocalist's Rise.

Miss Bernice Fisher of Evanston, Ill., who has been studying singing in Berlin, is the latest American songstress to attract the attention of the German experts. She was called upon lately to three directors of the Royal Opera house, and it is understood that she will receive a contract for the Royal Opera next spring, though her first public appearance will not take place until later. She is now receiving instruction from the court bandmaster.

THE POOR.

In winter when I lie in bed,
With blanket pulled up to my head,
I sometimes think I hear the feet
Of dreary children on the street.
I wonder why they march at night!
I never understand it quite—
Perhaps it is the Poor!

They say the Poor are very thin
And pale and lank and sunken-in;
They say that there are even those
Who do not have warm clothes on.
Can that be why they march at night?
I hear them now! Oh, plainly, quite—
I'm sure it is the Poor!

—John Carpenter in Chicago Record-Herald.

AN IMAGINATIVE MAN.

Pritchard, for ten years cashier in the same bank, was a model official. Late one winter afternoon he failed to return with the bank's notes prior to the weekly clearing.

Not for a moment did the idea of felony on his part enter the minds of those who knew him. The only hypothesis was that a crime of violence had been committed. The sum in his possession fell little short of \$10,000.

The bank directors, like the police themselves, were convinced that he had been followed, robbed and his body probably thrown into the Thames. From certain clues it even appeared that the plot had been long matured by a certain gang of professionals.

Only one man in London shrugged his shoulders on reading of these proceedings—namely, Pritchard himself.

At the point where the acutest of the Scotland Yard staff had lost all trace of him he had simply boarded a bus in the crowd, and within an hour stood before an empty house in one of the less frequented parts of Chelsea.

The preceding evening he had called on the house agent for the key, so he let himself in unobserved. In one of the back rooms he found the artisan's overall trousers, the jacket, "kerchief and cap, placed there by him in readiness the day before. In the darkness of the room he put these on. Then he calmly left the house. He passed the night peacefully abed in a workman's club.

In the morning he made the notes into a package, which he carefully sealed, and with this he called on a solicitor. "In this package," said he, "I have certain valuable papers which I must leave in safekeeping. I am on the eve of a distant voyage, and am ignorant of when I may return. I wish to deposit them with you. There is no obstacle, I believe, to leaving them in your hands?"

"Not the least. I will give you a receipt?"

"The fact is I am alone in the world, without friends or relations. The journey of which I speak is certainly—hazardous. My receipt would run a hundred risks of being lost or destroyed. Could you not keep the receipt in your safe, so that on my return it would be enough to give my name either to you or to your successor?"

"It is unusual."

"Write the conditions on the receipt. After all, the risk is mine."

"As you will. Kindly give me your name."

Without hesitation he replied: "Harvey—Andrew Harvey." He had thought the thing out coolly. "My imprisonment over, I reclaim my parcel. Four or five years in goal and I shall be rich. That, at least, is better than to cast accounts all one's life. I'll take a house in the country. Thenceforward my name will be Harvey. Andrew Harvey. I will live as a country gentleman, and, I am confident, without any pang of conscience."

He waited another twenty-four hours to make sure that the numbers of the notes were unknown, reassured on which point, he deliberately gave himself up.

On his examination, neither the police superintendent nor the judge in court could draw from him a word of the £10,000. He confined himself to saying: "I know nothing more about it. I fell asleep on a bench in the park. I was robbed in my turn."

At last came the day of liberation. They gave him his pay—some ten shillings—and his ticket for London. He was free.

How often he had dreamed of this hour! On his arrival he would instantly make for the solicitor's. In his head he saw the scene which would ensue. He would be shown into the large, solemn chamber.

"Your wish, sir?"

"I come to claim a deposit I left in your hands some five years since."

"Deposit? In what name, please?"

"The name was—"

He sat up with a jerk and muttered to himself:

"This won't do. Not remember the name I gave!"

He lay back in his corner, and a feeling of weakness stealing over him, said to himself:

"Come, be calm! The name was—it was—it commenced with—what letter?"

For a whole hour as the train dashed along he ransacked his memory, trying to find a clue, a hint. Every second it seemed on the point of forming in the air before his eyes, on the tip of his tongue. At first he was only tantalized, then irritated, distressed. His nerves were racked; the pain was almost physical. Waves of heat flooded up from his body to his head. His muscles contracted; he could not sit still. His hands trembled. He bit his dry lips. He felt on the point of weeping. And the more he churned his memory the more surely the name escaped him.

The train arrived at Paddington. He sprang to the platform and started to walk.

"I have lost it. I must think no more about it. It will come of itself."

But it is impossible thus to banish an obsession.

Night fell, the pavements were deserted. Worn out with fatigue, he went to a lodging house and threw himself, clothed, on his bed. He continued to search his memory. At dawn, exhausted, he fell asleep. When he awoke it was broad daylight. He stretched himself with lazy satisfaction, and suddenly the obsession resumed its sway over him.

The name! What was it? What was it?

A new sentiment broke in upon him—fear. Fear lest the name had escaped him for ever. He rose, went out, walked for hours, prowling in the neighborhood of the solicitor's. For the second time night fell. He twisted his fingers into his hair, groaning:

"This will drive me mad!"

He saw it all so plainly. He had £10,000 in banknotes—£10,000, dishonestly

come by, it is true, but his own—yet quite beyond his reach! For these he had served five years, and the reward was escaping him! He saw the money under his hand, and a word, one word which refused to come to him, was to make him lose all!

It was no longer a mere obsession, it was a frenzy of his whole being. A voice in his ears seemed to mock him, the passers to jibe. He began to run, straight before him, hustling the people. That name! What was it?

He saw at his feet the murky Thames. He sobbed!

"Oh, this name—this name!"

He descended a few steps which led to the waterside, and lay flat to bathe his hands and face. How peaceful, compared to this tumult in his head, how peaceful! He panted. And the water fascinated him. Its caressing eddies drew him, promising repose far from this whirling din in his brain. Feeling himself slip, he made no effort to cling to the step. He fell. The cold pierced him. He struggled, threw up his arms, jerked back his head; came to the surface again. And, suddenly, with a desperate effort, terror in his eyes, his mouth contorted, he shrieked:

"I have it! Help! Harvey! Har—"

The quay was deserted. The wave lapped the steps. The gloomy warehouse re-echoed the name in the silence. The outer ripple in a series of widening rings touched the steps. All was silent.

—London Opinion.

A WAR OF SEXES?

Mrs. Belmont Prophecies in Regard to Equal Suffrage Struggle.

A war of hatred between the sexes was predicted recently, in New York, by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. It must come, she said, unless equal suffrage is granted to women. An audience of 200 men and women gathered at a meeting of the Men's club of the All Souls Universalist church in Flatbush to hear the suffragette leader and other speakers.

"How any men of the present day can be proud of the Declaration of Independence, which applies to but one-half of the people, or of the Constitution, that allows only one-half of the people to govern themselves, is something I cannot understand," said Mrs. Belmont.

"To me it represents the grossest injustice. Will you wait until this injustice creates another war? I do not mean by this a war such as men have always waged of bloodshed and death—but one of bitter animosity, almost of hatred, between the sexes. For this must come if you will not face the actual situation and give to women absolute equality of rights. The patriarchal age is past. The girl of today must find occupation beyond the parental roof, and the widow must stand alone in the struggle for existence. Even the little child must stand and wait for bread. As you men have assumed control of every situation, why do you mete out to women half the pay for the same work for which you give yourself full pay? Can you believe that the women will much longer submit to this old-time yoke of barbarous subjugation?"

SOCIETY IN NEVADA.

Many Strange Vicissitudes in the Matter of Wealth.

Today a humble gold-seeker may be living in a hutch of the simple architecture of a box car. Tomorrow he is building a "villa" with red clappboards and shingles, hiring a Chinaman of all work and sending to Fresno for a brass bed and a Persian rug. Some very pretty little houses begin to dot the barren landscape. A railroad stretches its metal arm down into the gold-bearing wilderness and links it with the outer world. Come tailors, modistes and milliners, soda water and ice cream, clergymen and drummers, pickpockets and actors, and all that splendid procession from the cozy corners of civilization.

Social conditions were decidedly perplexing. Your washerwoman accepted a mining claim for an uncollectible debt. Suddenly the claim yields her a fortune, whereat, to show you that her wealth has not made her snobbish, she purchases an elaborate parlor house and settles down as your next-door neighbor. However, if you take life into your head to move away from the vicinity of the fortunate lavandiere you would find the moving problem quite simple. A small force of husky men can pull your house up by the roots and carry it up a hill or down a slope without any great exertion—that is, unless your dwelling is hobe, or you happen to be one of the bonanza crowd, and have gone in for heavy architecture. Good Housekeeping.

A Cloud of Witnesses.

"Everything blabs," said Emerson. "Be sure your sin will find you out," said Moses. "There is nothing covered up that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known," said one wiser than both. All are statements of the natural law of exposure. Every scandal that comes to public hearing but illustrates this law. One secret sets a hundred tongues wagging. Dead men do tell tales. What is done in darkness is exposed in the glaring light of publicity. The right hand does find out if the left is smeared with blood or wickedness. Everything is headed for the surface. Nature is full of detectives who spy on us night and day, who peer within and without, and in the end make full publication of what they find.—Detroit News Tribune.

Good in Theory.

F. B. Sanborn, after hearing Horace White and other younger experts in finance instruct Boston this week, at a public dinner, on the merits of the central bank, gives it as his idea that he ought to have it, but probably never shall get it, for the same reason that the ordinary wild duck cannot be made as good eating as the carriage back, by feeding it on wild celery. "It will do it," said the tavern keeper of the Adirondack forest; "I know it, for I've tried it—only, d—n 'em, they won't eat it."—Boston Record.

Before and After.

Col. Peterby met his colored gardener, Jim Webster, a short time ago. Jim had been recently married.

"How do you like matrimony, Jim?" asked Col. Peterby.

"Jim said he had dubiously."

"What's the matter?"

"Yer see, boss, before we were married, when I knocked at de dore she used ter say: 'Am dat you, honeysuckle?'"

"Now when I come home she bawls out: 'Clean off dem boots before you comes in dat dore, you black moker!'"

—Baltimore News.

Will Entertain Episcopal Bishops.

Louis Sherry of New York will have charge of Dalvay, the magnificent Clarendon house of Alexander McDonald, one of the original Standard Oil magnates, when J. Pierpont Morgan occupies it for a week during the convention of the Episcopal church next October. Sherry was in Cincinnati recently to prepare Dalvay for his chefs, a corps of cooks and waiters of Italian and Scotch origin.

Mr. Morgan will entertain all the visiting bishops of the church at the McDonald mansion.

Advertise Your Goods.

UNCOOKED FOOD.

A Banquet in the Rooms of a Boston Club.

Uncooked food does not begin to taste quite as raw as it sounds when served as it was by Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Phillips at their uncooked food banquet in the Twentieth Century club room, Boston. It was not to introduce a new form of social entertainment that this Brooklyn couple gave a close-to-nature meal, but to help along the cause of simple diet, dealing the butcher, the baker and the canned goods maker a swift blow in the cash register. It served also to aid the furtherance of the peace movement, for the money received from tickets was turned over to the American Peace society. The menu was as follows:

Bananas in pods, Lemon Sauce.
Cream.
Unfried Bread. Sweet Butter.
Combination Nut Butter.
Cold Slaw. Twentieth Century Style.
Ripe Olives. Stuffed Celery.
Orange Eggs.
Combination Pineapple Salad.
Protoid Nuts.
Jelled Eggs in Watercress Nests.
Whipped Ice Cream.
Fruit and Nut Cake.
Grape Juice.
Apple Juice.
Cream Cheese. Fruit. Waters.
Banana Coffee.

"Bananas in pods" were the banana fruit rolled into balls and laid upon the half of a banana skin and covered with lemon sauce, or juice, to be exact. No more delicious start could be devised, and, of course, they slipped down very speedily.

Next came cream of pea soup, which did not taste any different from other soups except that it had a Cook-Peary temperature.

Unfried bread, which looked and tasted a good deal like caked oatmeal; sweet butter or butter without salt, and combination nut butter, not unfamiliar already, were put before the diners at the same time.

Ripe olives and protoid nuts were handy at all times, and stuffed cheese mingled with nuts in the concavity of the celery stick was always available.

Cold slaw, Twentieth century style, was, as might be expected, finely chopped cabbage.

Orange eggs! If you have not tried 'em, don't put it off. Just heat up an egg and add orange juice and you have something you'll want many times again.

The "jelled eggs in watercress nests" was fearfully gelatinous. Something like a dark red egg, which quivered and trembled in a "nest" of watercress. It had a mission of its own. It was timed to a second. Jelled eggs after combination pineapple salad and protoid nut is indisputable vegetarian etiquette. Its position, a little over half way down the menu, has never been contested by either stuffed celery or orange eggs.

"Whipped ice cream" had a recognizable and familiar look, but lacked flavoring. Fruit and nut cake was apparently a very tightly compressed bunch of figs with nuts from a pine tree found in southern Italy.

The confections were not ordinary confections. Nuts were hidden away in the dates and sugared cherries.

AFTER NIGHT-RIDERS.

The Government Preparing to Strike Through Burley Society.

The government is preparing to go after the night riders of Kentucky and Tennessee by beginning proceedings against the Burley Tobacco society, on the ground that it is a combination and a conspiracy under the terms of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The department of justice is investigating its operations on that ground. Agents who have been making inquiries concerning the methods of the association have reached the conclusion that the organization is connected with the depredations of the night riders. Officials in charge of the inquiry now purpose to present the matter to the courts. The department, however, is undecided whether the proceeding shall be civil or criminal. With that point decided, the matter will receive prompt attention. The Burley society is a strong organization, composed largely of farmers. Its members contend that they have been forced to band themselves together to resist the operations of the American Tobacco company, which, they charge, has systematically depressed the market for Kentucky and Tennessee tobacco and kept prices down to the lowest point. They also allege that the tobacco trust has driven down its prices on raw tobacco, making no reductions in the finished products sold by it and manufactured from the Kentucky and Tennessee leaf.

THE KEPPEL CHEF.

He Was with the Manchesters, and King Edward Wanted Him.

Mrs. George Keppel is spending money with a lavish hand in reconstructing her new house, 16 Grosvenor street, London. She will bring her elder daughter, Violet, out to society next season and intends to entertain largely to launch her. The ballroom is being fitted with eighty tapestry panels of great value. Old French hammered iron banisters will guard the grand staircase. They, too, are extremely costly. Mrs. Keppel has excellent taste in house furnishing and her new home promises to be one of the most beautiful in London. She is paying especial attention to the kitchen arrangements, which are elaborate and perfect. And she lost no time in engaging the Duchess of Manchester's famous chef, to whom the duchess left an annuity of \$750. He is a thorough artist and is advising in regard to the kitchen arrangements. King Edward always gave the palm to the Dowager Duchess of Manchester's chef. He wanted to secure him for Buckingham palace, but when he found that Mrs. Keppel had engaged him the King was content.

Lepers Need Bandages.

The Bethesda Leper home is very much in need of bandage material, such as old linen, cotton, cheese cloth or old sheets, pillow slips or table cloths. Colored material is valueless for bandaging and has to be thrown away. The need of a fresh supply will be better appreciated when the fact is made known that when the supply gives out the bandages that have been used on lepers have to be washed and used again. All donations should be sent, properly packed, with express or messenger charges prepaid, to R. Dan, Wolterbeck, No. 1 Ann street, New York city. Gifts are acknowledged when the donor's name and address is obtainable. Mr. Wolterbeck attends to shipping the material on its long voyage to the distant home.

New Light on Holmes.

Two old ladies wandering about the Public Library building in Boston the other day entered Bates hall and gazed interestedly at a bust of Oliver Wendell Holmes in black bronze.

"Well," one old lady remarked very audibly to the other, "I never knew before that Dr. Holmes was a negro."—Success Magazine.

Entries on Old Hotel Register.

An old hotel register from Boonville has been given to the Historical society. The entries cover the years 1843 and 1844. Besides the names of the guests the register contains notes on all current happenings. The famous flood of 1844 from which pioneers dated later events

is described. Underneath a list of guests the clerk wrote on January 9, 1845:

"The above nine names are for Henry Clay, he being their first, last and only choice." At the bottom of one page appears an offer to bet \$500 that Henry Clay would be elected President. Another guest recorded his acceptance of the wager.—Kansas City Star.

KILLING A FASHION.

NEW YORK EVERY DAY

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, after a year as an anti-suffragist, has gone over to the ranks of the suffragists and from now on will fight under the "Votes for Women" banner. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is responsible for Mrs. Fish's conversion and received her into the fold. At a suffrage meeting given on January 7 by Mrs. Belmont at the Colony club Mrs. Fish, Belmont told a large audience of women something of the kindergarten principles of women's suffrage. Mrs. Fish, who was one of the guests, said at the close of the meeting that her sympathies were turning to the "cause," and after Mrs. Mackay's equal franchise meeting in the Garden theater on Thursday her conversion was assured. In February of last year the women fight for suffrage or anti-suffrage were interested to read Mrs. Fish's public announcement that she had become an "anti." Through Mrs. Gilbert Jones of the National League for the Civic Education of Women, Mrs. Fish made a long statement of her feeling toward the movement.

Nathan Straus is seriously ill at his home, 27 West Seventy-second street, New York, suffering from a nervous breakdown. He has been confined to his home since last Wednesday, his physicians have ordered complete rest from all business. Mr. Straus' friends say his illness is due to the fight over the Lake-wood tuberculosis preventorium, which long has been a favorite project of Straus'. This statement as to his illness was given out.

Owing to the intensity of his exertions in the controversy over the Lake-wood preventorium, Mr. Straus has had a serious nervous breakdown. His physicians have given strict orders that he be kept free from any further excitement. For an indefinite period he will not be in a condition to be either consulted or even informed as to any matter of business.

For the first time in thirty years Robert T. Willoughby of New York failed to wake up the other morning when his clock, simultaneously setting off a series of gongs, gave their customary alarms at 6 o'clock. He had died some time during the night. Willoughby was 57 years old and had been employed as a motorman by the Third Avenue Elevated railway. He was the most punctual employee in the service. No matter what the weather was, Willoughby was never late. The secret of his punctuality came to light when his room was inspected. Ranged round near his bed were thirty clocks of different sizes and makes. All struck the same hour at the same time.

Five thousand laymen, representing practically all the Protestant churches in the city, voted unanimously at a mass meeting in the Hippodrome in New York to increase the foreign missionary offerings of the Protestant churches of Greater New York by \$325,000 during the coming twelve months. The amount to be donated this year will approximate \$725,000 of which Brooklyn churches have assumed responsibility for \$225,000. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement and marked the close of the Greater New York convention. Nineteen cities, including New York, in which conventions already have been held, have pledged an increase of \$1,750,000 for foreign missions during the coming year. Two additional series of conventions begin this week. One will include most of the large cities in the south; the other a group of northern cities. The campaign will close with a national missionary congress at Chicago, on May 3 to 6.

The American Museum of Natural History is in the market for 10,000 insects. It plans to make a collection representing every species of insect found within fifty miles of New York city. A complete collection, it is announced, would include fully 10,000 varieties.

Given: An award by the courts of \$605,000. Problem: What shall be done first of all? Answer: Celebrate. And that's exactly what Mrs. Emily Ladenburg, widow of Adolph, the millionaire stock broker, did after Supreme Court Justice Hendrick announced his decision in her suit against her late husband's firm, Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co. of New York. Mrs. Ladenburg celebrated in her usual novel and lavish fashion. She gathered together within a few hours a party of sixty-two friends and entertained them for many hours. Within a brief time after Justice Hendrick had made known the \$605,000 award, the telephones out of the Plaza, which is Mrs. Ladenburg's home, began to get busy. Also the chefs and decorators inside the hotel started to work in hurry-up fashion. First, Mrs. Ladenburg took her sixty-two guests to the theater. After the theater supper was served in the tearoom of the Plaza hotel. Following the supper Mrs. Ladenburg gave a party to the white and gold ballroom where dancing was offered to those who cared to enjoy themselves that way.

There was a woman's meeting in New York with no talking. Greetings were exchanged and hats were discussed, but not a word was uttered aloud. It was the annual lip reading bee of a New York school for the hard of hearing. More than fifty pupils took part in the contests, and in two of them a play-off was necessary to divide first place. Miss Bertha Richards was finally declared the champion lip reader of the year. Fourteen familiar rhymes, starting with "Humpty Dumpty" and ending with "Little Bo-Peep" were "lipped" by Edward B. Nitche, who conducted the novel contest, and everybody tried to write them down as he said them. "Good morning," "Where are you going," "The room is warm," and other such simple sentences formed another contest, but the fourth and last was a severe test, taking from dictation a short story. It presented no terrors for Miss Richards, who secured a perfect paper.

Contending that the contract which she signed in Paris last June, in which she modestly conceded that her services were "unique and extraordinary" and not easily replaced, Irving M. Dittenhofer asked Justice Gerard in the supreme court in New York for an injunction in behalf of Oscar Hammerstein to restrain Marguerite Sylva from singing the leading roles in Henry Russell's Boston Opera company, which she is now doing in Chicago. Nathan Burkan, in opposition to the motion, declared that the contract under which Hammerstein was to pay Mme. Sylva \$250 a week for an engagement of thirty-one weeks from October 1 was executed in Paris, and she had a husband, whose consent in writing she did not obtain, the contract is not worth the paper it is written on under the French law. He read from the code Napoleon, showing that the wife must have the written consent of her husband or personal appearance of the first court of France in order to make valid the contract for her services.

Two men who are well known in New York city as the proprietors of an old-fashioned hotel set a new fashion in progressive dinners the other night. They entertained a party of guests at a different hotel for each course of the dinner. Beginning at their own hotel, the hosts

provided the oysters, the party sitting down at a fully laid table. As soon as the bivalves were disposed of the party took two taxicabs and went to the next hotel on the list for soup. A waiter telephoned to the next stopping place, so that there was no delay. So it went, through all the courses to coffee and liqueurs.

With one exception William J. Gaynor has completed his official cabinet as mayor of Greater New York. He has yet to appoint one of two commissioners of accounts, one of whom he named last night, along with a commissioner of corrections and a board of appointments which the mayor has handed down Tammany fared better than at any time since the inauguration of the Gaynor administration. The new commissioner of corrections is Patrick A. Whitney, a lifelong friend of Charles J. Murphy and recording secretary of Tammany hall. The commissioner of accounts named is Raymond G. Fosdick, independent in politics, a Princeton graduate, and for some time connected with the department of accounts. He is only 28 years old. The position pays \$5000 a year.

More trouble in the customs service in New York is about to come to light. Everybody around the federal building is edified, but the disclosures may bare a system which will rank with the sugar cases. Undervaluing automobiles is the new game. Joseph P. McGrath, a customs clerk, is charged with having defrauded the government out of \$450 by deducting \$1000 from the value of a car. The machine, according to the appraiser's certificate, was valued at \$1850, but McGrath, it is alleged, altered this to read \$850. The duty on automobiles is 45 per cent. ad valorem, hence the government stood to lose exactly \$450. McGrath was arraigned before a United States commissioner and held in \$1000 bail for examination on Tuesday next.

Lucratic Carpenter, a negress at Oyster Bay, is slowly turning white. The change began about ten years ago and has been progressing steadily ever since. Her hands and arms are white and her face is like that of a Caucasian, except for a few dark blotches. She believes that in five years more all trace of negro blood will have disappeared from her skin. Mrs. Carpenter, who is about 60 years of age, has been examined by many specialists, but none can account for her change in color. One of her children, born within the past ten years, has a negro's skin, but red hair.

Col. Robert C. Clowry, president of the Western Union Telegraph company, on the witness stand in New York, and the name of William J. Conners of Buffalo, chairman of the Democratic state committee, coupled with an alleged \$250,000 stock transfer, brightened the proceedings of the legislative committee which is trying to determine the advisability of placing telegraph and telephone lines under the jurisdiction of the public service commission. In a letter addressed to the chairman of the committee, State Senator George A. Davis, James M. E. O'Grady of Rochester attempted to know why Mr. Conners received from the promoters of an independent telephone company in Rochester \$2,000,000 worth of stock gratis, as was charged in testimony during recent litigation against the company.

Following the victory of the opponents of Mrs. Augusta Stetson, excommunicated leader of the First Church of the Scientist, in New York, it was announced that the factional troubles have not ended by any means. Unless the 486 Stetsonites who voted for trustees favorable to the ousted leader are quiet and good, according to the standards of the majority of the new board of trustees, wholesale excommunications are threatened. A prominent member of the ruling faction said today: "Article 2, section 3, of the manual provides that if any member or members fail to live in Christian fellowship with other members of the church in good and regular standing, then the recalcitrant member may be separated from the church."

Among the Stetson agitators there were rumors that Mrs. Stetson means to sue out a writ of mandamus forbidding the new trustees to take office.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt will sail for Naples February 15 on the liner Hamburg, on her way to upper Egypt. According to news received from East Africa recently, ex-President Roosevelt will arrive at Khartoum March 15. After remaining two or three days at Khartoum, he will meet Mrs. Roosevelt. He will be back in the United States June 1.

Vladimir Bourtozeff, the Russian revolutionist, famous for unmasking spies in the secret fold of his cause, has arrived in New York on the White Star liner Oceanic. A little band of ardent followers of the cause went down the bay in a revenue cutter to meet Bourtozeff, with perhaps an inward fear that he would cause trouble in passing the immigration authorities. But he passed with ease. His principal object in coming to the United States, he said, was to tell the American people the truth of the situation in Russia and at the same time to expose any traitors among the workers here.

J. Edward Boeck, who is serving a sentence of seven years in Sing Sing for a jewelry swindle in 1907, is perhaps the only heir to more than a million dollars left by a millionaire. The large inheritance evidently has come down the chimney and squeezed through the pipe into the furnace. "The Postal Telegraph company will be the last competitor in telegraphy, and when that competition ceases there will be a choice only between monopoly and government ownership." This is Clarence H. Mackay's view of the telegraph situation as expressed before a committee of the New York state legislature, which is trying to determine the advisability of placing telegraph and telephone under state regulation. As president of the Postal, he was reiterating that keen competition between his company and the Western Union would continue, and by reason of this competition, he said, rates had been reduced from 20 to 50 per cent. The Postal company, he said, was the only company that had succeeded in competing with the Western Union. And the Postal company should combine with the Bell Telephone company and the Western Union there would never be another competitive telegraph company.

Cumbersome ballots, including the quiltlike, four foot square specimen used in the recent municipal election in New York, were the "horrible examples" displayed at the Hotel Astor at a language and conference of the newly organized "Short Ballot organization," which advocates fewer elective offices. Two hundred political economists, practical politicians, educators, and plain citizens attended. Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton university, presided and delivered the principal address. Elliot Goodwin, secretary of the Civil Service Reform association, also spoke.

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it. The New York joint legislative committee investigating the propriety of state regulation of the telephone and telegraph business is to give the charge special attention.

Mrs. Frank J. Gould, the beautiful New York woman whose marriage to the millionaire seven years ago while still a schoolgirl, was the talk of society, figures in another romance. She is about to marry Ralph Thomas, a nephew of Washington Thomas, president of the sugar trust. Mrs. Gould was Miss Margaret Kelly. Some time ago she obtained a divorce from her husband and was awarded a generous sum as alimony. She has two children, whose time, by order of the court, is divided between the parents.

Howard Gould has begun work on his \$1,000,000 country place at Port Washington, L. I. The second Castle Gould will be after the style of an old English manor instead of the Irish type, which he abandoned at Sands point. It will be 225x135 feet and three stories high. Excavations on the site are under way. The house will stand on a wooded knoll overlooking Long Island sound. The main hall, 25x28, will be at the base of the tower. A palm garden, 30x30, with a fountain in the center, will be separated from the 50x30 living room by only a row of columns. There will be a large orchestra in the main hall.

William Waldorf Astor paid \$100,000 for 15 West Twenty-sixth street, New York, a five-story building. It adjoins the offices of the Astor estate, which are being hemmed in by big mercantile skyscrapers, and Mr. Astor bought in order to protect his light and air. No inside lots on that block have been sold at as high a price as the \$4000 a front foot paid by Mr. Astor. The new land maps of the tax department place the unit of valuation there at \$1800 a front foot.

The advocates of woman's suffrage seem to be hard up for members of their organization, judging from the desperate means they employ to swell their membership lists. The other day a helpless male infant of ten days was made a life member of the suffragist organization in Norwich, Conn. The boy was the first child born to any member of the organization since the death of a member a year ago. The anti-suffragists of New York are not worried, however, by the possibility that the New York suffragists may adopt similar tactics to increase their membership. They would not gain one member a year, for the suffragists are not believers in Roosevelt's anti-race suicide theory.

Twenty-seven nursery maids who had been taking a course in nursery at the Nursery and Child's hospital on Lexington avenue and Fifty-first street, New York, went on a strike the other day, because the superintendent refused to rescind the rule under which the maids were to be addressed by their first name without the prefix "Miss." For fifteen years the rule had been in force and there never was any objection to it on the part of the maids. Even the maid who went on a strike never thought of objecting to the rule until a new head nurse put a bug in their ears and incited them to rebel against the "indignity" of being called plain Mary or Maggy, just like an ordinary cook or chambermaid.

It is common report on Broadway in theatrical and literary circles that when Mrs. Richard Harding Davis secures her divorce from her author-husband he will marry Miss Bessie McCoy, the "Yama Yama" girl. The famous writer and the dancer have been friends for more than a year, and many of their friends have thought that the friendship had deepened to a warmer feeling. Miss McCoy is now at Miami, Fla. She is considered one of Broadway's best stage favorites and her "Yama Yama" dance in a musical comedy production brought her into theatrical fame and high favor with the theater-going public and made the star of the company after the first night of the show. Counsel for Mr. Davis was authority for the statement that either Mr. Davis or Mrs. Davis would go away shortly for the purpose of securing a divorce.

A few days ago Dr. Charles F. Aked, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church in New York, the Rockefeller pastor, officiated at a man's funeral. He did his best to comfort the young widow. She asked the undertaker to give \$25 to the clergyman. Dr. Aked refused the money. He said he did not want pay for his sympathy.

"You accept money when you perform a marriage ceremony, don't you?" asked the undertaker.

"Yes," replied Dr. Aked, "but they don't know it."

Coming to Hammerstein's Victoria theater in New York January 24, for the first time in New York, is a new sensation, known as "the bullet-proof lady," M. Aera. A bullet apparently passes through the woman's body, she is wearing a fragile globe at her back. The act is presented by Chevalier De Louis, an expert rifle shot.

Children in the house of Samuel Rotholz in Atlantic City, N. Y., were badly frightened when a huge owl, with wings outspread and eyes wide open, sprang from the furnace loom in the kitchen. The large bird evidently had crawled down the chimney and squeezed through the pipe into the furnace.

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his proposed latest transcontinental walk from Los Angeles to New York and the mayor gave him the following note:

To the Mayor of Los Angeles: This will introduce to you my long time friend, Edward Payson Weston, who intends to walk from your city to this city, and if you will give him a good sendoff we will give him a good greeting when he arrives here. By teaching by his example the taking of outdoor physical exercise is a benefactor to the human race, and should be treated as such. WILLIAM J. GAYNOR.

Of all the gowns in Madison Square garden, in New York, where the clothes show has been opened, that which probably forced the men to wonder most and the women to add an extra glance of envy was the "cocoon gown." It might have been a stylish piece of cummerbund gray silk from its appearance, and it has to be told also that any woman who tries to wear this gown and can't afford a maid had better abandon the idea. The cocoon gown is yards and yards of silk that are wound around the body, and if there is a spot or blemish anywhere one day it can be hidden the next by taking a different start in the winding up. The woman who dons the cocoon style must stand perfectly still while her maid wraps and winds around her body the material that ultimately develops in what is the most recent fashion. The tighter it is wound, the more stylish it is, and the slovenly maid hasn't a chance of making her mistress appear well in it.

Former Lieut.-Gov. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler will not have to pay William F. Clark the \$20,000 the latter claimed for services in acting as "publicity agent" and calling attention in the press and elsewhere to Mr. Chanler's claims for consideration as a Democratic presidential candidate in 1907. The jury in Clark's suit, which has been on trial in New York for several days, returned a verdict for the defendant, Mr. Chanler.

RATES TOO HIGH.

Manufacturers of Bricks Win a Case Against the Railroads.

After an investigation extending over a year, the interstate commerce commission has announced that the rates charged by the railroads for the transportation of fire brick, building brick, and paving brick from Central Traffic association territory to the Atlantic seaboard were unreasonable and should be reduced. An order, therefore, was issued by the commission requiring the railroads to charge no more than 21 cents per 100 pounds for the transportation of such brick from Central Traffic association territory to points in the Eastern Trunk Line territory during the two years, beginning on the first of February next. The case was brought before the commission by manufacturers of various kinds of brick in Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia against practically all of the railway lines operating in the eastern part of the United States.

"CAZOL, SWEETLY CAROL."

A New Christmas Hymn by Bishop Cox.

Bishop Cox of western New York is the author of a Christmas hymn which will probably take rank with the most popular carols sung in America and Britain. It has been set to music by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, the composer, who is credited with having achieved the "carol of the century." It is described as an exquisite melody, which came as inspiration to the composer as he walked through London streets. It was written with incredible quickness, the whole being completed within eighteen hours. The carol is not one simple melody monotonously repeated for each of the six verses, but each verse contains a slight variation. The last verse is sung largely in unison with a bold organ accompaniment. The title of the hymn is "Carol, Sweetly Carol."

FIREFLY'S ECONOMICAL LIGHT.

Scientists Hope to Find the Secret of This Method of Illumination.

The light of the firefly is believed to have an efficiency of virtually 100 per cent. of the energy expended, whereas tests indicate that the light efficiency of the ordinary incandescent lamp is less than 3 per cent.; the rest of the energy is expended in producing heat which is not needed.

Scientists do not yet despair of success in imitating the firefly's economical method of producing an illumination, says a writer in the Philadelphia Record. In the opinion of one eminent scientist, it is well within the range of possibility that he may see the transmission of light-producing energy entirely done away with, and a return made to some extent of portable lamp consuming an exceedingly small amount of material and producing a "cold," or firefly-like, light.

Kept His Resolution.

We resolved last night to be kind during the year 1910, and began the first thing this morning. When we reached Third and Division streets, at 7:15, to take a car downtown, a man and his wife and five children got off the car we were to take. They had carpet satchels and lunch baskets, and the man asked if we knew where Ben Davis lived. We knew the man was looking for Ben to "pay him a visit," so we said Ben formerly lived in Atchison, but moved away two weeks ago to Kansas City. Ben hasn't moved, but we resolved to be kind during 1910, and no one wants a man with a wife and five children to visit him. The visitors took the car and went on downtown. If Ben doesn't run into them today our best act of 1910 was to be kind. Hurrah!

Again Owned by a Whitney.

Harry Payne Whitney has purchased the big mansion which his father, the late W. C. Whitney, built on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Sixty-eighth street, New York. It had been held at \$2,900,000, and Mr. Whitney paid \$2,500,000. The property was bought from George Grant Mason, to whom it was bequeathed by the late James Henry (Silent) Smith. Mr. Smith had purchased it, fully furnished, from the Whitney estate, and Harry Payne Whitney takes back all the magnificent furnishings which were accumulated by his father. The mansion covers a plot 75x200 feet. It was designed by the late Stanford White, who called it his residential masterpiece.

Ancient Medical Practitioners.

The Hippocratic Oath is a solemn oath said to have been administered by Hippocrates himself to his disciples when they were about to enter upon the practice of medicine. According to the terms of this oath, the asseverator pledged himself to absolute purity of morals, and solemnly promised to practice his profession in accordance with the principles of humanity and honor. The novice further pledged himself to the most disinterested brotherhood with all persons legitimately connected with the healing art, and to deeds of kindness toward their offspring.

A Theatrical Paradox.

"There is one contradictory thing actors seem to do." "What is that?" "The longer they are at one stand, the more they consider it a run."—Baltimore American.

STRIKES AT HASH.

A Physician Who Is Not a Believer in Fletcherism.

The human race seems bound to become bald and toothless. If we do not give our teeth enough hard work they are bound to decay and the dentists have their innings, so to say. If we do not use our muscles they become flabby and weak. The same principle holds good with regard to the stomach; if we do not give this organ a sufficient amount of work in digesting food, it suffers in consequence, and the whole scheme of digestion and assimilation goes wrong.

On all sides we hear inept dietists talking about selecting foods and cooking them in a way to be "easy of digestion," and because this is the almost universal practice, we are becoming a race of dyspeptics. Close students of the subject are well aware that it is the meat-eating nations and heavy meat-eaters anywhere that are the chief sufferers from inflammation of the bowels (falsely called "appendicitis," either through ignorance or for commercial purposes); and this is not altogether because animal food is nasty stuff, but from the practice of chewing it or eating it in the form of hash.

All meat-eating animals bolt their food—not because they know more than human beings, but simply because it is their nature to do so. It is as unphysiological and unwholesome to chew meat as not to chew the grains and other starchy foods. Feed a dog on hashed meat and he will have dyspepsia, and very like inflammation of the bowels; and if his owner has a good bank account there might be an operation for "appendicitis."

When a piece of meat of reasonable size is taken into the stomach, it cannot pass into the intestines until it has been dissolved completely by the gastric juice; but when it is first chewed or taken in the form of hash it passes into the intestines unsoftened for intestinal digestion and absorption; hence, "poisoning" and all sorts of mischief.

As for the question of baldness, we know that women are practically never bald, and this is because their hats balance on the top of their hair, with no tight band around the head; but men, with their derby hats fitting tightly around the head and cutting off the circulation of the blood from crown downward, often have the head as smooth as a billiard ball before 30 years of age. If we went bareheaded altogether we would never lose our hair, except in case of some special disease, as typhoid fever; and even then it would usually grow again.—Charles E. Page, M. D., in New York American.

BUSHMEN'S IDEAS OF THE STARS.

Belief That They Are Girls Who Were Killed by Lightning.

Among a number of extremely interesting papers read before the recent meeting in Bloemfontein of the South African association was one in which Father Norton, S. M., dealt with some curious native lore, says the London Standard. The little bushman peoples have an elaborate and picturesque folklore gathered round the stars. According to their small folk the stars were girls killed by lightning, just as the Persians held that the stars were ghosts of men; the Australasians, that they were good men; the Eskis, that they were souls of ancestors; the Germans, that they were children; the Peruvians, that every beast had his celestial counterpart.

The bushman called the Milky Way the Path of White Ashes; the Australian, the Path of the dead; the Bantu, the red man called it the path of the souls; the Masai, the road across the sky; the Dutch, the Hemelstraat; the Basuto and Zulu merely called it the neck of the sky. They had no name for Sirius. Of Orion's belt the fierce Masai humorously said that three old widows (in the belt) were following up three old men (in the word). The Basuto called it the Pigs. The Hottentots called the Pleiades wives who shut their husbands out because they missed their game; the Bantu called it the ploughing constellation. Tsimmela, because its rising in early morn in midwinter, told the black man to turn out in the cold and plough for meadles. The husband of the Hottentot version there was some doubt about. It was probably Schenas, not Canopus. Just the shining knob by which some unsexed power tugged day and night, the sun, after sunset. The Basuto apparently did not realize the identity of the morning and evening star, but it seemed as if the Kafirs did.

Punishing a Thief.

A physician who keeps a Japanese house servant was having new flooring laid in his offices. The Japanese was greatly disturbed by the workmen, who were interfering with the smoothness of the household routine. One day he came to his master with a look of alarm. One of the workmen had been stealing eggs from the pantry. "Stealing eggs," said the doctor, "how's that?" "I watch," explained the Jap. "I see him put something in his coat that hang in the hall. I look in pocket and find eggs. I look pantry and don't find eggs. I will go take them back from his pocket."

"Oh, no," said the doctor. "That would be no better than taking them from the pantry. You must never take anything from another man's pocket."

The Jap went away with a look of disappointment. A few minutes later the doctor passed the hatrack in the hall where the workmen's coats were hanging and found the Jap beating the coats with a rug beater.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the doctor as he saw the dust rising from the coats.

"I beat all the coats alike," said the Jap, "and the eggs, they only make the bad man sorry."—New York Sun.

He Was a Discreet Lad.

"Arthur Smith," said the teacher impatiently, "what is it you are fidgeting with?"

Although the lad colored up, he did not reply. The class "squealer" however, was ready, as usual, with full information.

Perch by the Ton.

John Peltier brought over from Little Sturgeon on Saturday upward of a ton of perch for which he was paid \$80 or thereabouts, these fish being worth 40 cents a pound that day. They were all caught with hook and line by Mr. Peltier and a couple of his boys, two weeks having been consumed in the work of taking them. Mr. Peltier probably has

the best idea of the habits and peculiarities of the perch of any man in this region, as he invariably succeeds in catching large strings of them whenever he makes it his business to go after them.—Sturgeon Bay Advocate.

HORSE-BREEDING.

Canada, It Is Claimed, Greatly Excels United States in This Industry.

"Canada can offer an object lesson to the United States in the success of its national breeding bureau," remarked John F. Ryan of Montreal at the Raleigh.

At the last year we have procured nearly 100 stallions, and the crop of foals in 1910 will reach close to 600. The governments of all of the great countries of the world are alive to the importance of breeding horses for cavalry remounts, with the possible exception of the United States, and all of them recognize the value of the thoroughbred cross. The English war office had special representatives in Canada this year to investigate the extent of the Canadian breeding interests.

"England can take \$1,000,000 worth of horses every year in time of peace, and ten times that amount should war occur. During the Boer war in South Africa the mother country had to ransom the earth for cavalry horses, and was forced by foreign powers to pay exorbitant prices for inferior animals. Austria-Hungary, the United States, Argentina and Brazil got the money. I believe that in a few years Canada can produce all the remounts needed by the English war office. With its vast stretches of grazing land and its ideal climate, Canada should and will be the nursery of the empire's cavalry horse."

France has a breeding bureau of 234 stallions and French farmers and breeders get from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 a year from the government for the product of these sires. Germany has 100 sires, after thirty-eight years' work and the expenditure of millions of dollars. There is no reason why the United States should not follow the example of other countries and encourage a national breeding bureau that would in time be able to produce all the cavalry horses this country would require.—Washington Post.

A CAREFUL MAYOR.

He Refuses to Be a Part of "North Pole Side-Show."

Mayor Edward H. Lathrop of Springfield, Mass., said recently at a meeting of the Springfield Fish and Game association: "It seems to be the common idea that one of the functions of the mayor is to introduce every side show that comes to the city, and I have decided that it is about time to cut all outside matters out and take care of Ed Lathrop. When the manager of Peary suggested to me a few days ago it was my duty to introduce the explorer, who has announced that he will not lecture anywhere, in big city or small town, for less than \$1000. I decided that the limit had been reached. I declared that I would not be a part of Peary's north pole side show. Hereafter I will take part in none of these affairs."

Irish vs. Italian Method.

Rev. Sanford Culver Hern, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, Yonkers, is relating a street car incident which concerns a conductor, an Irishman and an Italian. Each had given a dime to the fare taker, but had received no change.

"I wanto da nick," complained the Neapolitan.

"You've got your nick. No more nicks for you. See?" And the conductor moved to the rear platform.

The Italian sat meekly in silence, but the Irishman employed different tactics. He went to the doorway.

"Gimme five cents change," said he to the conductor.

"You've got the change you're going to get," was the retort.

"See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand organ, but you can't do it on a harp. Gimme five cents."

And he got it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Celebrating.

"What was that terrible noise going on in Popkin's apartment last night?" asked Wickley of the janitor.

"They were celebrating their golden wedding," smiled the janitor. "Mrs. Popkin was hitting Popkin on the head with a rolling-pin."

"Knocking wood for luck, eh?" grinned Wickley, as he passed on, while the janitor chuckled.—Harper's Weekly.

No Tender Missives.

"Why don't you sue him for breach of promise?"

"Aw, he had the postcard habit."

"What of that?"

"A man doesn't put much sentiment on a picture of the stock yards."—Kansas City Journal.

Comparisons Are Dangerous.

"A chap told me this morning that I looked like a man with a tale."

"Where is the idiot? I'll pound the life out of him."

"Too late. I killed him."—New York Times.

A Good Riddance.

He—That drawing is entirely out of my head.

She—Does your head feel better?—Ideas.

As It Is Today.

Bloodgood—How's your wife, old man?

Van Dorn—The society columns report that she's starting for Lenox.—Harper's Bazar.

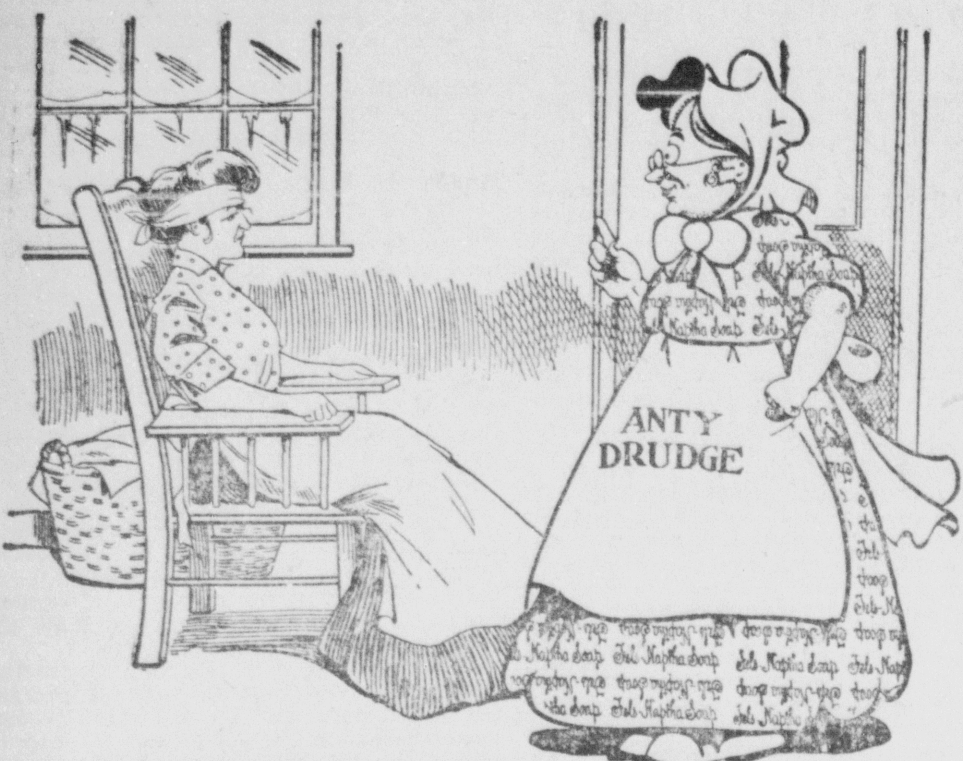
Would She?

They say that riches do but cloy, The woman with a tale Of coin would probably not enjoy A 25-cent sale.

—Kansas City Journal.

The mistress had just told the new servant that she insisted upon two things, strict truthfulness and obedience.

"Very well,



Anty Drudge on Nightmares.

Mrs. Neverrest—"Can't one have some awful nightmares, Anty. I did a big day's washing yesterday—it took me all day. And last night I dreamed I was on an island in the midst of a big lake of boiling, steaming, dirty clothes, and I had to wash every one of them. Mercy! What a headache it has given me."

Anty Drudge—"No wonder it gives you a nightmare and headache, the way you do your washing, boiling and hard-rubbing all day. After this use Fels-Naptha in lukewarm water, without boiling or hard-rubbing, and you will be through so early that you'll forget it before night and won't have any nightmare or headache."

Winter washdays cease to be a nightmare when the clothes are washed with Fels-Naptha in lukewarm water.

In the first place there's no boiling.

Fels-Naptha makes the clothes cleaner and whiter and sweeter without it.

No hot water is used, and there's no steam to fill the house and give your people colds.

You've no steaming suds to bend over; no nauseous odors to inhale. Your hands are not reddened and chapped by putting them in hot water and then exposing them to cold air.

But, best of all, the work is made so much easier and doesn't take half as long. Washing with Fels-Naptha, you can begin after sun-up, even on the shortest winter day, and be done well before noon.

Use Fels-Naptha not only for the white clothes but for flannels, woollens, colored things.

Be sure to get the genuine Fels-Naptha—don't trust imitations. And follow directions on the red and green wrapper.

TERSE TELEGRAMS

Clay Clement, the actor, is dead at Kansas City of uraemic poisoning.

The federal grand jury investigating the alleged beef trust in Chicago will probably finish its work within two weeks.

Former Vice President Fairbanks, who is now in Berlin, was received by the kaiser today. He will start for Paris tonight.

President Taft has been elected a member of the New York Republican club. It was stated that the president himself asked to be made a member.

B. & O. S.-W.

Beginning March 1st, and continuing daily to April 15th, tickets will be sold one way at greatly reduced rates to Arizona, British Columbia, California, Colorado, Idaho, Mexico, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

Also Home Seekers round trip tickets on sale the first and third Tuesdays of each month to the West and Southwest, East and South-east. These tickets are good returning within 25 days from date of sale.

For further information call at B. & O. ticket office or address

ED MASSMAN, Agt.
W. P. TOWNSEND, D. P. A
Vincennes, Ind.

BANK GOES TO FEDERAL COURT

Demands That Markers Tell What Became of Money.

THE MYSTERY NEVER SOLVED

Just What Became of That \$103,467.96 Which It Is Alleged Will and Noah Marker Took From the First National Bank of Tipton Has Been a Mystery—Bank Has Now Instituted Proceedings in the Federal Court For the Purpose of Compelling an Explanation.

Indianapolis, Feb. 22.—In the federal court here the First National bank of Tipton has instituted proceedings for the purpose of compelling W. H. Marker and Noah R. Marker to tell what they did with the \$103,467.96 which it is alleged they embezzled from the bank, for which the two men are now under indictment by the federal grand jury. The proceeding is in the shape of a petition filed by the bank to have the two Markers declared bankrupts.

The specific act of bankruptcy which is alleged against William H. Marker is that he transferred to Anna S. Utz twenty-five shares of stock in the Fairview Cemetery company of the par value of \$1,250, and of an actual value of \$2,500, for the purpose of preferring her above other creditors.

The petition is based on a claim for \$4,000 which the bank holds against the Markers. The petition says that E. Z. Teter executed his note to the Markers for \$4,000, and that the bank discounted the note for them. The note has never been paid. At that time W. H. Marker was cashier and Noah R. Marker assistant cashier of the bank.

It is alleged in the petition that the bank has never been able to trace the \$103,467.96 which the Markers took from the bank, and the petition asks the court to order that they tell what they did with the money, and that the persons that received it be ordered to return it to the bank.

This is regarded as an important move in the affairs of the Markers, for the court may order them to answer all questions touching on the disposition of the money.

RESPIRATORY DISEASES

As Usual They Take the Lead in Indiana Health Report.

Indianapolis, Feb. 22.—As predicted in the December report of the state board of health, respiratory diseases prevailed during January, as shown by the report for the month, which has just been compiled, showing 2,833 deaths from all causes, with a state rate of 12.3. The rate for the corresponding month last year was 11.8. Tonsillitis was the most prevalent disease, as was also true of January, 1909.

Pneumonia killed 400 persons, as against 367 by the same disease in January, 1909. Tuberculosis killed 392, invading 387 homes and making 234 orphans. Diphtheria caused 40 deaths, as against 34 in the corresponding month last year. One hundred and seventy-four cases were reported. One hundred and sixty-five deaths due to violence were reported. Of these 3 were murders, 21 suicides and 141 accidental. The steam roads killed 30, trolley cars 3 and automobiles 1.

NEW YORK ANXIOUS TO KNOW THE WORST

Who Got That Boodle Fund Is the Question.

Albany, Feb. 21.—A determined fight will be made by Lewis E. Carr to compel Senator Benn Conger to reveal all he knows about the distribution of the \$4,000 he claims was given to Assemblyman Burnett when the trial of Senator Allds is resumed before the senate committee of the whole tomorrow morning. Counsel for Allds have been led to believe that Burnett acted as the disbursing officer who distributed portions of the \$4,000 where results would be most effective. In the event of any additional names being brought into the case in connection with the boodle of 1901, the investigation will be prolonged.

The expectation that Mr. Carr might be successful in bringing out the names of men other than Nixon, Burnett and Allds as beneficiaries of the bridge company's corruption funds gave the closing hours of the trial on Friday a sensational tinge. It was the belief that if any other names were brought into the scandal the trial of Senator Allds would continue for three weeks longer. If Senator Conger is unmoved from his statement made on direct examination that he did not know what became of the \$4,000 after Burnett got it, the supposition is that the limit has been reached as far as exposures are concerned. If no other names are brought out counsel on both sides feel that they can sum up their case and have the trial over.

Reason Enthroned.

Because meats are so tasty they are consumed in great excess. This leads to stomach trouble, biliousness and constipation. Revise your diet, let reason and not a pampered appetite control, then take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be well again. Try it. For sale at all dealers. Samples free.

Train Fell Thirty Feet.

Wheeling, W. Va., Feb. 21.—A Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad freight engine crashed through a trestle over a creek near here, falling thirty feet and burying the engineer, fireman and two brakemen beneath a twisted mass of iron. The fireman was killed. Three other trainmen were perhaps fatally injured.

Sore Lungs and Raw Lungs.

Most people know the feeling, and the miserable state of ill health it indicates. All people should know that Foley's Honey and Tar, the greatest throat and lung remedy, will quickly cure the soreness and cough and restore a normal condition. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar. Sold by all druggists.

Laughed Himself to Death.

Carmi, Ill., Feb. 22.—Joe Reeves, aged sixty-seven, a farmer living six miles east of here, was tickled to death. Reeves attended a lodge meeting of the Farmers' Union and laughed continuously at the initiation ceremony of a rebellious candidate. The next day he died. Heart disease, superinduced by excessive laughter, caused his death, according to the coroner's verdict.

For That Terrible Itching.

Eczema, tetter and salt rheum keep their victims in perpetual torment. The application of Chamberlain's Salve will instantly allay this itching, and many cases have been cured by its use. For sale by all dealers.

Egyptian Assassin Exults.

Cairo, Feb. 22.—Buotro Pasha Ghall, premier of Egypt and minister of foreign affairs, is dead from the wounds inflicted by an assassin, a student, who was identified as a member of a Nationalist secret society which has adopted terrorist methods. When told of the death of his victim the assassin exulted.

A few minutes delay in treating some cases of croup, even the length of time it takes to go for a doctor often proves dangerous. The safest way is to keep Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, and at the first indication of croup give the child a dose. Pleasant to take and always cures. Sold by all dealers.

Began as Pack Peddler.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Feb. 22.—Sol Mier, millionaire banker, real estate owner, merchant and manufacturer, is dead of pneumonia and heart trouble at his home in Ligonier. He was one of the wealthiest men in northern Indiana and began work as a pack peddler.

An attack of the grip is often followed by a persistent cough, which to many proves a great annoyance. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been extensively used and with good success for the relief and cure of this cough. Many cases have been cured after all other remedies have failed. Sold by all dealers.

Piper Will Plead Insanity.

Richmond, Ind., Feb. 22.—On the plea that he is insane and that many of his acts during a year or more have indicated a diseased mind, the family of George M. Piper, alleged embezzler and check swindler, will make an endeavor to save him from prison. Piper is now in jail here.

Keep the little ones healthy and happy; their tender, sensitive bodies require gentle healing remedies. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make them well and strong; regulates their stomach; makes them eat and grow. Try it tonight.

Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

The Mississippi Deadlock.

Jackson, Miss., Feb. 22.—Governor Noel is looked on here as the one man who can break the senatorial deadlock and defeat Vardaman, and his name will probably be presented to the caucus tonight. The governor will not consent to enter the race so long as Percy, Kyle and Byrd remain, but in the event their forces do not get together against Vardaman by tomorrow he agrees to take their place.

Do you know that croup can be prevented? Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the croupy cough appears and it will prevent the attack. It is also a certain cure for croup and has never been known to fail. Sold by all dealers.

The New York legislative commission appointed to inquire into the operation of direct nomination laws in other states has reported to the legislature flatly against Gov. Hughes' alleged direct nominations law.

When the baby is cross, or ugly, it's time to give Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It's the greatest baby medicine known to loving mothers; makes them eat, sleep and grow; makes them sweet and cheerful.

Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

REPUBLICAN Want Ads. Pay

Seymour Business Directory

AUTO REPAIRS

We handle all automobile supplies, also storage and repairing. We build smoke stacks and tanks and do all heavy iron work. Also founders of light and heavy brass castings. R. P. Buhner, cor. High and Circle streets.

100 CORD

GOOD SEASONED WOOD
H. F. WHITE
PHONE NO. 1

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

Building contracting, plumbing, heating and masonry. Will figure on any work wanted. W. A. Wylie. Phone 380. Residence, W. Broadway.

DODDS RESTAURANT.

Come here for a good lunch. Fresh oysters and ice cream. A nice line of chocolate candies. Best brands of cigars. Come in and eat. Thornton Dodd, Prop., Seymour.

DEAD ANIMALS.

Will remove dead animals immediately when notified. F. F. Buhner's Fertilizer plant, Phone, residence old and new 338. Factory old 189. Seymour, Ind.

FEED OF ALL KINDS.

Full line of feed and meal, Graham flour, buckwheat flour, rye flour. Will exchange wheat and corn for flour or meal. Deliver to all parts of city. G. H. Anderson.

HAIR DRESSING.

Get your hair dressed, any style, at Mrs. E. M. Young's Beauty Parlor. Shampooing, manicuring and massaging. Big assortment of hair switches, corona pads and coronet braids for dressing the hair in latest styles.

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

We have the exclusive agency for Holmes & Edward Silver Inlaid Tableware, strictly guaranteed goods. Also handle a full line of Sterling Silver goods. T. M. Jackson, 104 W. Second street.

INTERURBAN LUNCH ROOM.

Short orders a specialty. Fresh oysters served in any style. Home-made pies and baked beans. Candies and nuts of all kinds and the best coffee in town. Herman Chambers, Proprietor.

Indianapolis, Columbus and Southern Traction Co.



In effect Jan. 2, 1910.

North-bound South-bound

Cars Lv. Seymour Cars Ar. Seymour

TO FROM

7:00 a. m. . . . I C. . . . 6:30 a. m.

8:10 a. m. . . . I G. . . . 7:50 a. m.

9:03 a. m. . . . I L. . . . 8:51 a. m.

9:17 a. m. . . . I L. . . . 9:10 a. m.

10:03 a. m. . . . I L. . . . 9:50 a. m.

11:03 a. m. . . . I L. . . . 10:50 a. m.

11:17 a. m. . . . I L. . . . 11:10 a. m.

12:03 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 11:50 a. m.

1:03 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 12:50 p. m.

1:17 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 1:50 p. m.

2:03 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 2:10 p. m.

3:03 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 2:50 p. m.

3:17 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 3:50 p. m.

4:03 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 4:10 p. m.

5:03 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 4:50 p. m.

6:03 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 5:50 p. m.

6:17 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 6:10 p. m.

7:03 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 6:50 p. m.

8:17 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 8:10 p. m.

9:03 p. m. . . . I L. . . . 8:50 p. m.

10:45 p. m. . . . G L. . . . 9:50 p. m.

11:55 p. m. . . . C G. . . . 11:38 p. m.

I.—Indianapolis. G.—Greenwood.

C.—Columbus.

*—Hoosier Flyers. *—Dixie Flyers.

x—Seymour-Indianapolis Limiteds.

Cars make connections at Seymour with trains of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.

For rates and full information see agents and official time table folders in all cars.

General Offices—Columbus, Indiana.

Southern Indiana Railway Co.

North Bound.

No. 2 No. 4 No. 6

Lv Seymour 6:45am 12:20pm 5:30pm

Lv Bedford 8:00am 1:38pm 6:45pm

Lv Odon 9:07am 2:44pm 7:52pm

Lv Elkhara 9:17am 2:54pm 8:02pm

Lv Beehunter 9:32am 3:07pm 8:15pm

Lv Linton 9:47am 3:22pm 8:30pm

Lv Jasonville 10:11am 3:42pm 8:53pm

Ar Terre Haute 11:00am 4:30pm 9:45pm

No. 23 mixed leaves Westport at 4:40 p. m., arrives at Seymour 6:25 p. m.

South Bound

No. 1 No. 3 No. 5

Lv Terre Haute 6:00am 11:15am 5:35pm

Lv Jasonville 6:51am 12:08pm 6:27pm

Lv Linton 7:12am 12:30pm 6:51pm

Lv Beehunter 7:23am 12:43pm 7:04pm

Lv Elkhara 7:38am 12:58pm 7:19pm

Lv Odon 7:48am 1:08 pm 7:29pm

Lv Bedford 9:00am 2:25 pm 8:40pm

Ar Seymour 10:07am 3:35pm 9:50pm

No. 25, Mixed, Leaves Seymour at 2:25 p. m., arrive at Westport 4:10 p. m.

For time tables and further information, apply to local agent, or

H. P. RADLEY, G. P. & T. A. Grand Opera House, Terre Haute.

LUMBER AND PLANING MILL.

Manufacturers of high grade mill work, veneered doors and interior finish. Dealers in Lumber Shingles, Lath, Sash, Doors and Blinds. Established in 1855. The Travis Carter Co. Phone, 75.

NEW & SECOND HAND FURNITURE.

Good selection of second hand heating stoves, cook stoves and ranges. We will put your stove in good order. Several bargains in oak furniture. Gorbet & Son, 118 S. Chestnut. Phone, 250.

OWL CIGAR STORE.

English walnuts, pecans, hazel nuts, Brazil nuts, almonds at 15c per pound. Best place in town. E. L. McElwain, Indianapolis Ave.

PELLENS DRUG STORE.

Patent medicines, oils, perfumes, toilet articles of every description. Witchhazel Balm for chafed hands and face. Chestnut and Tipton Sts.

PROGRESSIVE MUSIC CO.

Chickering Bros., Ivers & Pond, Starr, Corl, Clough & Warren and leading makes of pianos. Second hand uprights and square pianos at a special bargain. Low expenses, low prices.

Reynolds' Grocery.

Buy your dry goods and groceries at Reynolds'. Call phone 163 and give us an order. W. H. Reynolds, 21-23 S. Chestnut St.

Seed Oats and Timothy.

Five cars of seed oats have just arrived. Also best grade of timothy seed. Call and get your supply for spring sowing.

HODAPP HOMINY CO.

SUCCESS FLOUR MILLS

Grind nothing but pure soft winter wheat, making the best flour for home use that can be made. Blush Milling Co. Daily output 1000 barrels.

Say!

You know March 27th is Easter Sunday. If you are going to have your suit, go where you will find the best, and most up-to-date style at lowest price. A. Sciarra, tailor by trade, 14 E. Second St.

Indianapolis and Louisville Traction Company



In effect June 1, 1909.

Hoosier Flyers leave Seymour for Columbus, Edinburg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indianapolis at: 9:17, 11:17 a. m. and 1:17, 3:17, 6:17, 8:17 p. m.

Dixie Flyers leave Seymour for Crothersville, Scottsburg, Sellersburg, Watson Junction, Jeffersonville and Louisville at: 9:11, 11:11 a. m. and 2:11, 4:11, 6:11, 8:11 p. m.

Local Cars leave Seymour for Louisville and all intermediate points at: 5:54, 7:54, 9:54, 11:54 a. m. and *12:51, 2:51, 4:54, 6:54, *8:54, *11:00.

Local freight service daily except Sunday between Seymour and Jeffersonville and Louisville.

For rates and information see Agents and official time table folders in all cars.

* For Scottsburg only.

H. D. MURDOCK, Supt.

Scottsburg, Ind.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

Prescriptions A Specialty

GEORGE F. MEYER'S DRUG STORE

BATHS

Take Turkish Salt-glow Baths for all kinds of Lung Trouble.

HALETT'S TURKISH BATH ROOMS

LEWIS & SWAILS LAWYERS SEYMOUR, INDIANA

"Will Go on Your Bond"

Will write any kind of INSURANCE

Clark B. Davis

LOANS NOTARY
